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Russia, China and the West

It is none of Sir Neil Cameron's business to make policy statements after heavy dinners in Peking, but his remarks and the responses to them give some opportunity to consider Western policy. Of course, insofar as the speech was a Cold War blast it has been acclaimed by knee-jerk Tories of the Ian Gilmour stamp, and insofar as it contained a criticism of the Warsaw Pact it has been denounced by men like Frank Allaun who seem to see nothing sinister at all in the Russian presence in Europe. The persistence of this strain of opinion on the Left is something of a historical curiosity – but it now retains precious little of its credit, and the sooner it fades out the better.

There is, even so, a good reason to feel warned when the anti-Soviet chorus strikes up. Many of the great crimes of the recent past, from Chile to Vietnam, have had Russian ambitions as their alleged rationale, and only with the very recent advent of President Carter has it ceased to be American policy to back any cop or gangster who says he is against Moscow. The point has obviously been lost on Mrs Margaret Thatcher, who also chose last week to make a stirring speech abroad. Many people may feel that Iran was not the most propitious setting for a rallying call against tyranny, and it will take more than Mrs Thatcher's voice to drown out the screams we hear from that quarter. But like so many of her blunders, this was an instructive one. It provides a useful demonstration of how not to defend the West.

The task facing Western Europe is a threefold one. It must be able to construct an alliance which can discourage any aggressor – but that alliance must not itself give the appearance of being aggressive. It must be able to conduct its own policy and not be dependent upon redundant or risky American weaponry. Indeed, it must avoid association with the sort of foreign adventure which the United States has been known to undertake, and it must not be linked to some future resurgence of the Kissinger doctrine in areas like Latin America and the Middle East. Finally, it must know what it is defending. Europe is politically much cleaner than it was ten years ago, but deterrence and anti-Russianism must never again become the excuse for authoritarian and corrupt regimes. Not least because such regimes have a habit of expiring in ruin at inconvenient moments.

Such a stance, once adopted, would enable us to conduct good pragmatic relations with the Peoples Republic of China (a country which the Conservatives until recently regarded as a sort of barbaric hinterland to Hong Kong). Such relations would not be for the purpose of conducting an anti-Soviet crusade; they would be for the purpose of forestalling the need for one. But the crucial alliances will have to be sought elsewhere. We have muddled through long enough as a dependency of the United States and a half-hearted member of the European alliance. Further political changes in Western Europe will probably take matters even further out of the hands of the old Right. Perhaps more decisively, the Soviet Union has less and less chance of replacing the Stalin generation of pliable hacks in Eastern Europe, and events there may soon become the centre of attention. In this recasting of old loyalties and alliances, a series of useless illusions about whose side we are on will have to be jettisoned. Without realising it, the gallant Sir Neil may have started quite a promising fox.

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Notes on Politics and Power

Greater London Ltd, or Tory Freedom Works

Tony Craig writes: The new deputy chairman of the London Transport Executive is a limited company . . . an appointment which will come as little surprise to those who have watched the modus operandi of the Horace Cutler-controlled Greater London Council this last year. The tiny company given the job is Dumon Stansby and Co. Ltd, in the personification of Mr John Stansby, one of its two directors, and owner of 99 of the company's 100 shares. (The remaining share is in his wife's name.) The details of the appointment, originally made by the leader of the GLC's Planning and Communications Policy Committee under 'Leader's Action', were ratified at a confidential meeting of the committee.

For Mr Stansby's services his company will be paid – quarterly in advance – the sum of £22,500 a year, 'which sum may, however, at the sole discretion of the Council, be increased at any time'. According to a confidential report by Sir James Swaffield, Director-General of the GLC, a directly appointed Deputy Chairman would have commanded an annual salary of £16,840. Dumon Stansby and Co. Ltd. is, however, to receive additionally 'a comparable pension contribution' of £3,400 a year and 'a payment to the Company' of £2,260 a year. Mr Stansby, who is 47, has been given a two and a half year appointment . . . and is being allowed to retain various other directorships.

These include his directorship of the Central Milton Keynes Shopping Management Co. Ltd., where one of his fellow directors is none other than GLC leader Horace Cutler (who unfortunately has not made use of the voluntary register of members' interests at County Hall). Mr Stansby will retain also for the time being his existing appointment as Chairman of the Union Industrielle at d'Entreprise (UK) Ltd.

The letter appointing Mr Stansby specifies that he may devote not more than four days a month to his work as directors of Allied Plant Group Ltd, Dumon Stansby and Co. Ltd, and Central Milton Keynes Shopping Management Co. Ltd. No limit is placed on the time he may devote to his work for U.I.E. (UK) Ltd., although the letter states that 'this appointment is to be terminated as soon as convenient *to the Company*' (my emphasis). Mr Stansby, it says, 'is to render whole-time service to the Executive', but he will still be able to take up other appointments with the Council's express approval. It would be difficult to envisage his friend Horace Cutler withholding such approval.

Oil and the West Saharan war

John Gretten writes: Over the past few years in north-west Africa, largely unnoticed by the rest of the world, a tiny, irregular force of between 5,000 and 10,000 men has crushed a regular army of 15,000 and held at bay a much better equipped and trained force of more than 30,000. The tiny, irregular force, based in Algeria, is the Polisario Front, who have been fighting for the right to live as they please in their own country, the Western Sahara (and who last week received rather belated recognition by our own Labour Party). The crushed army is that of Mauritania; 30,000 is a minimum figure for the number of troops, out of an army of 90,000, that Morocco has so far committed to the war.

Morocco and Mauritania between them virtually annexed the Western Sahara in November 1975 at a time when Spain, abandoned its last remaining colony. But the Mauritanian army has proved itself incapable of defending the country's economic lifeline, the railway link between the country's iron ore deposits at Zouérate and the port of Nouadhibou. In fact, Mauritania only survives at all thanks to Saudi Arabian money, Moroccan troops (at least 8,000) and French air support and desert communications experts.

Meanwhile, however, others have been seeking to get a slice of the action. A few months ago, British Petroleum acquired a 25 per cent interest in a consortium set up to explore for oil in a 10m. acre stretch off the Western Saharan coast. There are two other members of the consortium. One is Phillips Petroleum, an American company, but the headquarters of its Europe-Africa division, which negotiated this deal, are in London. Phillips also has 25 per cent of the action, but is the operating partner – that is to say, the actual exploration and development work will be done by Phillips. The remaining 50 per cent is in the hands of the Moroccan Bureau des Recherches Petrolières et Minières. Now the entire area concerned is disputed territory. In fact, it is so disputed that Spain, which has been agonisingly reappraising its whole role in the affair, is now claiming that it never handed over the sovereignty of its former colony to Morocco and Mauritania, but only administrative responsibility.

Some countries have been more circumspect than the oil multinationals who do not appear over-concerned over whether Morocco has the right to grant the concession. Russia, for example, last week signed with Morocco a deal for fishing rights in Moroccan territorial waters; earlier it had refused to sign a similar deal which specifically mentioned the territorial waters of Morocco's 'new Saharan provinces'. In January, Russia had reaffirmed to President Boumedienne of Algeria in Moscow its support for the principle of self-determination for the peoples of the Western Sahara. Russia has also negotiated a deal for the development (on a new site) and exploitation of 10m tons of Moroccan phosphate. But in this case, there could be no dispute over Morocco's right to make the deal, so it went through without a hitch.

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Letelier: Townley is charged with murder

Michael Townley was formally charged last Wednesday in Washington with conspiring to murder Orlando Letelier (see NS 14 April). He is being held without bail. The facts on which the charge is based are still secret. Since Townley's expulsion from Chile and arrest in Washington, two anti-Castro Cuban exiles have also been arrested, and both are believed to be centrally involved in the Letelier killing though the actual charges on which they were arrested are unrelated. The government, having charged Townley, has to indict him within 45 days or the charges will be dropped.

Countdown to the Bonn Summit

John Palmer writes: Helmut Schmidt left Chequers as he had arrived believing that 'monetary stabilisation' must come first. Still worse there are clear differences in approach between Britain and Germany over just how this 'stabilisation' should be achieved. The British believe that there will be no meaningful solution which does not begin to phase out the world role of the Dollar. Denis Healey has said more than once recently that the admittedly serious problems faced in Europe by the West German Mark are in relation to the US dollar rather than to other EEC currencies. That is why the Chancellor is hoping, in his capacity as Chairman of the interim committee of the International Monetary Fund, that the initial IMF discussions in Mexico City last week will produce agreement later this year. The essence of the plan is to swap a modest proportion of the 90 billions held by foreign central banks for IMF special drawing rights – a composite unit made up 30 per cent of the dollar and the rest by the other major world currencies including those of Saudi Arabia and Iran.

By drawing more and more potentially unstable dollars out of the world monetary system, most of the Western leaders believe they can help put a floor underneath the dollar and prevent the constant disruptive revaluation of other currencies. All accept that this will not be enough. All insist that the Carter administration must reduce, by hook or by crook, the scale of US oil imports and thus limit the size of the US balance of payments deficit. The West Germans insist Carter should go even further. They say he should tighten credit and

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restrict the US money supply even though this will slow down US economic activity.

Higher unemployment and slower growth in the US may 'stabilise' the dollar. Perhaps that is why the West Germans are so reluctant to back the alternative strategy of swapping dollars for SDRs which would at least enable the US to maintain a somewhat higher domestic level of economic activity. Officials close to Helmut Schmidt believe that the dollar/SDR swap and, even more so, plans to increase the total amount of SDRs in the monetary system will – *pace* Milton Friedman – lay the basis for a new international inflation.

If the West Germans do not get the monetary stability they want in the way they want they are not likely to do anything serious about reflating their own economy. In the absence of measures taken elsewhere in Europe to boost economic growth it is difficult to see how the British (or the Italians and the Irish) could agree to any specifically European monetary scheme which sought to limit the freedom of the exchange movement of the currencies against the strong EEC currencies. Or rather there is only one way it might be made to work and that is by actually deflating demand later this year in the hope this will restore a sizeable balance of trade surplus and further reduce inflation as close to zero as possible. No one has calculated what impact such a 'strategy' would have on unemployment. When Chancellor Schmidt hints at West German help for Britain for trying to keep its exchange rates stable against others in an expanded EEC system, but he also makes it clear that the aid will be 'in return for appropriate discipline'. In effect the international monetarist lobby – headed by the West Germans – wants efforts to boost growth deferred indefinitely while monetary stabilisation is achieved. Both Schmidt and the EEC Commission President Roy Jenkins retort that the only growth worth having – sustainable growth – must rest on foundations of monetary stability. But there is no evidence at present to suggest that countries with the greatest monetary stability and lowest inflation rates are any more successful in achieving faster economic growth and lower unemployment – rather to the contrary. While monetary stability may be a necessary condition for economic recovery it certainly is not sufficient. By insisting that stabilisation is the overall priority the West Germans and their allies are making it more difficult, not easier, to fulfil the other conditions needed to obtain growth.

One Day of Peace, Love and Marches

Patrick Wintour writes: The Anti-Nazi League's achievement in gathering 80,000 anti-fascists in London's East End on Sunday was not just a victory for their anti-racist politics, but for their presentation of politics in a popular cultural context. The Socialist Workers' Party which has a large say in ANL at national and local level has, for all its sectarianism, always used populist propaganda in its paper and more recently on the Right to Work marches. But in the last two years the SWP has become connected with Rock Against Racism, a loose organisation that arranges punk and reggae gigs with the stress on their multiracial character. Probably even more than ANL, RAR have detached punks from the National Front. The measure of their success was the number of youngsters, besides students and Trotskyists, who went on the four mile march rather than immediately parking themselves under the Clash's amplifiers in Victoria Park. It is a rare sight indeed to see someone with dyed blonde hair with purple streaks, wandering along in chained-together black leather trousers under an AUEW foundry banner.

But the recent success and activism of the Anti Nazi League is treading on some toes. Members of the more traditional anti fascist, anti facist committees feel that their less glamorous work is being upstaged and undermined. In some places the establishment of the local ANL has signalled the collapse of the older anti racist committees. This represents more than a mere change of a committee's initials. ANL's perspective is the defeat of the National Front mainly at the ballot box. The older bodies are working more broadly for good local race relations which involved the laborious process of developing contacts in the immigrant community. It was noticeable on Sunday that though Brixton youth was there in force, black organisations were not. Nor were many Asians present.

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Roger Omond: The Balkanisation of the Black South Africans

It's not often that the South African Government's most obedient servant, the radio and television service, gives KwaZulu's chief Gatsha Buthelezi a favourable mention these days. The stroppiest of the homeland leaders is usually portrayed as a dangerous demogogue or a cheeky Kaffir – a man who should be carrying out Pretoria's masterplan but who has the nerve not to play the game according to Pretoria's rulebook. Yet the other day the daily propaganda programme *Current Affairs* devoted an entire 'editorial' (as it's called) to singing the chief's praises. In so doing it revealed just how split the black community is – a situation that delights Pretoria, as it sees its policy of divide and rule actually working. Whether Buthelezi wants or needs *Current Affairs*' recognition is another question.

Unity among the black people, crowed the ghost voice of *Current Affairs*, can be built only upon the recognition of their diversity. Given the government's policy of balkanising South Africa into a series of Bantustans while the whites maintain control of the economy and the central government, that statement is mere gobbleygook. But Buthelezi, for a change, was on Pretoria's side. He had just launched an impassioned attack on the banned Black Consciousness movement and had taken a sideswipe at Transkei's prime minister Kaiser Matanzima. So Gatsha was a good boy, reckoned *Current Affairs*, whose sensitivity to the government's propaganda needs of any given moment is almost legendary. Pretoria rightly identifies Black Consciousness as one of the major threats to its continued rule. And as Matanzima, long the blue-eyed boy of the separate development theorists, had just broken-off diplomatic relations with South Africa, any hint that other black leaders were not thinking about an alliance was welcomed.

Rejects Tribalism

Pretoria has enough trouble with alliances already. Buthelezi has formed the South African Black Alliance with the leaders of the Indian Reform Party and the coloured (mixed race) Labour Party. His own Zulu-based Inkatha movement is the senior party in this yet-untested but potentially powerful grouping that could unite four million Zulus, two million coloureds and 600,000 Indians. The alliance aims to widen its base to include other Africans and there have been expressions of interest from some non-Zulu leaders. The SABA is enough to make any Afrikaner nationalist shudder, particularly as he has folk memories of the Zulu's fighting qualities dating back to the battle of Blood River in 1838.

But the alliance has problems. The most important one is that Black Consciousness rejects both tribalism and separate development institutions. Buthelezi is faulted on both scores: first because Inkatha is confined to Zulus and second because he is tainted by having accepted a position in a Bantustan government. Buthelezi protests he entered the separate development arena to smash it from within and because he could do most for his people by working within the only legal framework available. But to the Black Consciousness purists, that makes Buthelezi a traitor. The coloured and Indian co-leaders of the SABA are similarly suspect through their acceptance of the Coloured representative council and the Indian council, although they too claim the same motives as Buthelezi for entering the system.

Banned Movements

The various Black Consciousness movements have been banned since last 19 October in Jimmy Kruger's great security crackdown. But it hasn't killed off Black Consciousness which still must be reckoned the most powerful force in politics. Just how strongly they feel about the Buthelezis of the country was demonstrated vividly at the funeral of Robert Sobukwe seven weeks ago when a jeering crowd of youngsters forced the KwaZulu leader from the memorial service. Buthelezi emerged unscathed (thanks to his bodyguard) but shaken. Since his humiliation, he has grown shriller in his condemnation of Black Consciousness – understandable perhaps, but scarcely a politically wise move if his SABA is to wean supporters away from Steve Biko's grass-roots movement. Even before his enforced retreat at the Sobukwe funeral, Buthelezi was not a Black Consciousness fan. On 17 October – two days before all Black Consciousness movements were banned – Buthelezi called their activities destructive and counter-productive. Since then his condemnations have grown tougher: the people who ejected him from the funeral were 'drunks' and 'louts'. A major factor in Buthelezi's personality make-up is his arrogance and sensitivity to any real or imagined slight: like Transkei's Matanzima he erupts when it is suggested that the true leaders of the blacks often are in jail on Robben Island.

Buthelezi and Matanzima, once close allies, are also now no longer the best of friends. Matanzima is growing territorially ambitious and is eyeing land Buthelezi considers part of KwaZulu. Hence Buthelezi's reference to Transkeian megalomania which drew him such favourable notices from *Current Affairs*. For his part, Matanzima is making a bid for radical respectability: he has called for a 'conference of the oppressed' to take place in Umtata and, since his breaking of diplomatic relations with South Africa, has pleaded for a common strategy against apartheid. The response has been one of deafening silence. Matanzima is distrusted by moderates like Buthelezi for having taken independence from Pretoria in the first place in apparent defiance of an agreement between homeland leaders not to do any such thing. And Matanzima's sudden conversion to radicalism is interpreted more as a response to increasing dissatisfaction within his party and as a desperate bid for international recognition. The politest epithet the Black Consciousness movement applies to Matanzima is 'stooge'.

Stooge and Sell-out

Also called stooge, sell-out and informer is the chief minister of neighbouring Ciskei, Lennox Sebe. He has not confined himself to making verbal attacks: his police are helping the South African Special Branch to lock up and banish Black Consciousness supporters under emergency regulations kindly supplied by Pretoria. Last week the South African bantamweight boxing champion, Mzukisi Sikweyiya, was detained on Sebe's orders, only a few months after the Special Branch held him for supporting Black Consciousness. At the weekend a former member of the banned Union of Black Journalists, George Luse, was banished from the Ciskei under the same set of emergency regulations. Several younsters have also been detained for supporting Black Consciousness. In Transkei, too, Black Consciousness advocates attract more than their fair share of attention from Matanzima's special branch: although the movement is not banned, believers walk a tightrope. Transkei also has a set of emergency regulations inherited from Pretoria which has kept the territory under a virtual state of emergency since the early 1960s.

As most Black Consciousness leaders are still in detention without trial from 19 October (and are likely to stay there until August or so, depending on Kruger's benevolence), it is difficult to establish just what is happening to the movement. Under Biko's leadership organisations like the Black People's Convention and the South African Students Organisation were carefully legal. Many representative blacks see little point in joining banned organisations, Riddled with informers as they are, these movements provide a crop of people for the Special Branch to charge and then isolate on Robben Island. The banning in the early 1960s of the African National Congress of Nelson Mandela and the Pan-Africanist congress of Robert Sobukwe led to thousands of court cases in which heavy sentences were handed down for furthering the aims of a banned organisation: few blacks see any point in repeating history by continuing to keep alive names such as BPC and SASO. But of course you can't ban a philosophy – although the government and Special Branch haven't cottoned on to that yet. The Black Consciousness movements may be outlawed but the philosophy lives on in hundreds of thousands of homes in the townships.

Buthelezi formed his black alliance to try to fill the void left by the banning of the Black Consciousness movements. It

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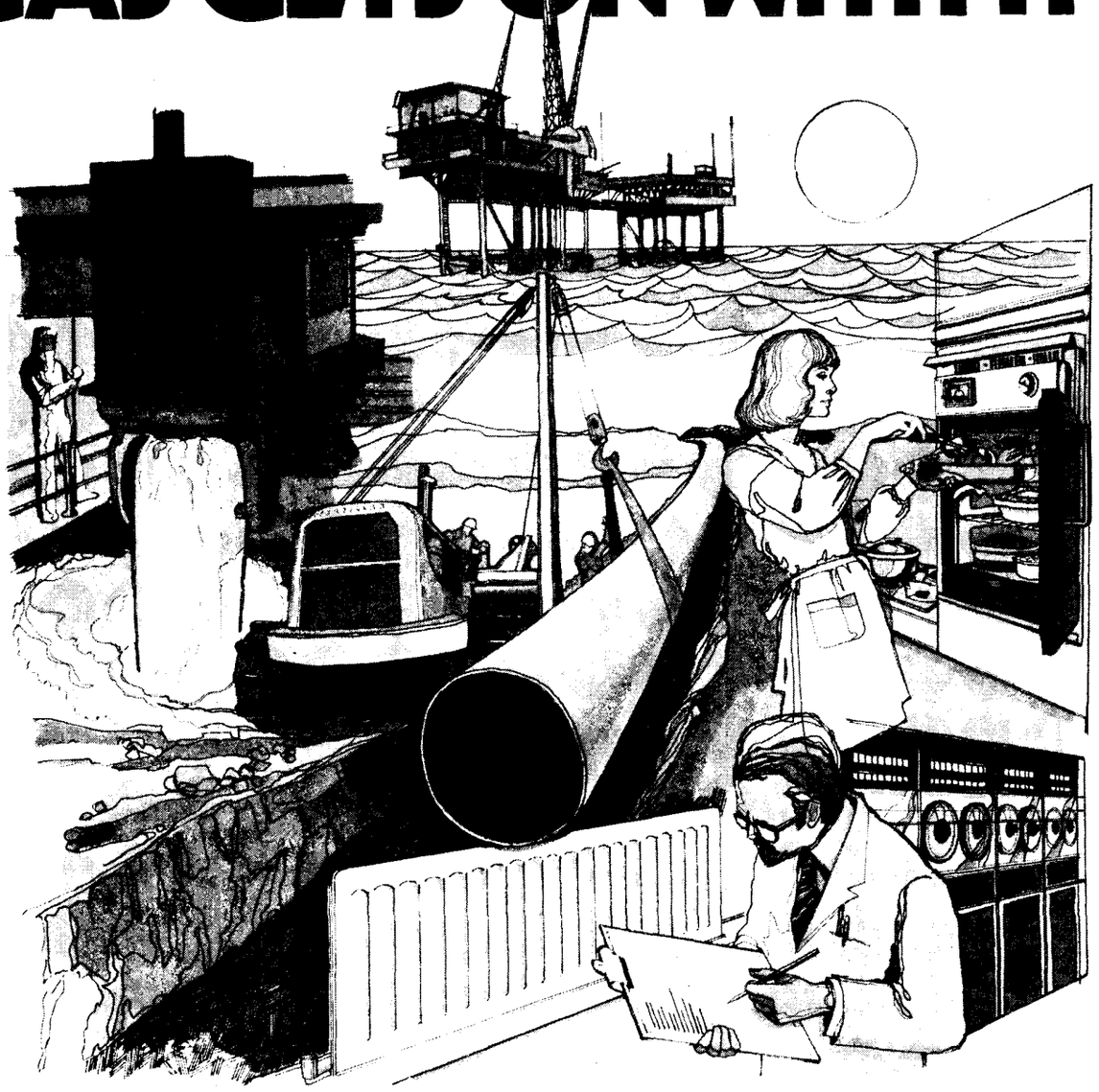

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seems certain that he has failed. Inkatha is still a Zulu group and after an initial blaze of publicity little more has been heard about the SABA. Buthelezi's angry rhetoric has hardly helped gain recruits either. So the black revolt is quiescent – for the moment anyway. The rash of rioting across the country has died down as the Special Branch has whisked demonstrators through court and into jail. Meanwhile the arguments continue about the next tactic to follow in the wake of the banning of Black Consciousness.

One tactic followed by the most conservative wing of Black opinion is to enter the new Community Council system introduced by minister Connie Mulder who heads the curiously-named Department of Plural Relations (formerly the Department of Bantu Administration and Development, and often abbreviated to BAD). They held an election in Soweto recently: the poll climbed to all of six per cent which, Mulder insisted to general laughter, was not too bad. He was sure, he said, that representative leaders were elected to the council, which will have very limited municipal powers in Soweto. Some of what the Nationalist-supporting newspapers called 'very important leaders' elected are representative of a mere handful of people: David Thebehali got onto the council with 97 votes. Another made it with all of 17 crosses behind his name. Mulder holds out the hope that the Community Council system will give blacks greater control over their own affairs: judging by the Soweto poll, few are impressed. Inkatha gave its grudging blessing to the election, but even its muscle couldn't bring out the voters. What might increase the percentage poll in future is the release from detention of all members of the important Committee of Ten who wanted full autonomy for Soweto. But that is up to Kruger, not Mulder, although the chairman of the committee of ten, Dr N. Motlana, was released significantly a few days before the Community Council election.

Kruger threatened last year to ban Inkatha if it admitted non-Zulus but uncharacteristically has kept quiet since Inkatha transformed itself into SABA. Whether the government feels the risk of banning it is too great is an open question. Also unanswered is whether new organisations will emerge to take the place of BPC and SASO. It is unlikely in the extreme that the Black Consciousness purists will have anything to do with SABA: whatever else the bannings might have done, they have not watered down opposition to individuals and organisations working within the system. So black disputes with black, homeland leaders like the Ciskei's Sebe take some of the heat off Pretoria by locking up Black Consciousness advocates and by diverting attention away from the real issues to Bantustan party politics. Sitting in their green benches of parliament surveying a tattered white opposition and thinking about the divisions in the black ranks, Messrs Vorster and Kruger must be happier now than for a long time. And in Auckland Park, headquarters of the South African Broadcasting Corporation, gravel-voiced 'commentators' systematically comb the newspapers for more propaganda points.

Brian Wilson

Laundering Mr Pottinger

George Pottinger's literary style is showing a slight improvement. Perhaps this has something to do with the subject matter. Previously he was restricted to writing panegyrics about Lord Fraser of Allander a hard-bitten draper who prided himself in his philistinism, and an even more glowing account of life among the rich and famous – *St Moritz – an Alpine caprice.*

But now, with his latest effort, the style is crisper. Pottinger is clearly much happier with his subject, he is explaining to the world how a grave injustice was done when he was sentenced to spend four years in prison, as a result of his involvement with the architect John Poulson.

Pottinger's previous literary efforts sank without trace, except as collectors' pieces for those with a keen sense of the ridiculous. But *The Ordeal of George Pottinger* is already enjoying the full glare of publicity. Thanks to the *Scotsman,* which has just finished serialising it. Their campaign for the series began last Wednesday when the paper devoted 35 column inches of its front page to announcing the forthcoming treat. 'After his ordeal he is cheerful', we were assured. 'His conversation is still laced with allusion and wit . . . Once he was the head of the Scottish Department of Agriculture and Fisheries, with the best of a distinguished civil service career still to come. But his close personal friendship with the architect John Poulson led to charges of conspiracy and corruption.'

The *Scotsman*'s choice of words is curious. Was it not the fact that he accepted £30,000 worth of gifts from John Poulson that led to charges of conspiracy and corruption? Undaunted, the *Scotsman* ploughed on with further intelligence from Cambridgeshire, where Pottinger now lives.

'Despite his resilience, and determination not to give in to bitterness, he is a very angry man. Angry because he believes that justice was asleep. He is convinced that no case was proved against him that his trial was hopelessly prejudiced. He says he should have been tried in Scotland – but was not because, he has been advised, he could not have been charged far less convicted under Scots law.' It does not occur to the *Scotsman* to consider the possibility that, if true, this indicates a serious flaw in Scots law.

'We have persuaded him to give the *Scotsman* exclusive rights to serialise this important document,' the paper triumphantly announced. It is difficult to imagine that Pottinger needed much persuasion. There is nothing that he craved so much, over the years, as acceptance by Edinburgh society. It is entirely the *Scotsman*'s business if they wish to spend money on, and devote great amounts of space to, attempts at self-exoneration by a convicted criminal. But if Pottinger chooses to emerge from the shadows of Cambridgeshire to cast aspersions on the quality of justice administered to him and to protect his moral innocence, he can hardly complain if the undisputed facts as they emerged at his trial are recalled, for contrast.

The *Scotsman* informed us that the first instalment would trace the course of 'the remarkable friendship' between Poulson and Pottinger, 'and described how his lighthearted acceptance of Poulson's generosity bore bitter fruit'. The hero of the piece came in on cue to admit his 'foolishness' in accepting gifts. But 'they were all spontaneous and for some immediate purpose.'

Pottinger wrote: 'A jesting Pilate would still ask two questions. What attracted me to John and why did I accept his gifts? On the first there is no facile answer. John's magnetism, panache, impertinence, his willingness in happier days to take on the universe, his keen eye for human comedy – all of these I found engaging – the truth is that I liked the man.'

While reaching for our handkerchiefs, we should recall that these unneeded gifts included £20,000 towards the cost of his new house overlooking the exclusive Muirfield golf course. ('The Pottingers are very satisfied with their house but I think it looks terrible,' wrote Poulson).

Also paid for by Poulson were a succession of foreign holidays and a Rover 2000 car. Pottinger now asks us to believe in what The *Scotsman* is pleased to describe as 'an important document' – that all this was taken by a senior civil servant without thought that it could be construed as part and parcel of a corrupt relationship.

Pottinger's well-cultivated image as a man of good taste and refinement is called into doubt by his continued insistence that the Aviemore Centre in the Highlands is a thing of beauty. Other less intimately involved observers prefer Billy Connolly's view that it resembles 'a cement factory.' Yet Pottinger looks back to 'an inspiring day in the company of Fraser and Poulson,' who produced plans which 'evoked in a visionary sweep the centre as it might one day look in its bowl of hill and forest.'

Pottinger can hardly be blamed for trying to launder his image when he is presented with the opportunity. Much more extraordinary is the willingness of the *Scotsman* to give him a platform. In contrast, it is well worth remembering that none of the journalism which led to the uncovering of the Poulson-Pottinger affair emanated from Scotland, though much of the action took place there.

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Bruce Page: Jim Slater Rides Again . . . and Again

Defenders of British capitalism like to say that its purpose is to encourage 'risk-taking': the large rewards of success being justified by horrid rigours applied to those who fail. Considerable rigours certainly may be applied to a semi-skilled man who takes employment with GEC, only to find that Sir Arnold Weinstock is discouraged by the risks attached to that particular factory. And further up the social scale it may be found that stern pursuit of fortune leads to trouble with the law; a case in point is Mr Gerald Caplan, nabbed last week in California and about to be dragged back to London to face charges arising from his operations in the 'secondary banking' business.

But the higher you go, the more likely it becomes that the rigours of failure will be modified. In this, the striking present example is James Derrick Slater: once Peter Walker's partner, once Edward Heath's financial adviser; a man who must once have found his locomotion impeded by the concentration of financial journalists trying to lick his boots. The Slater Walker crack-up of autumn 1975 revealed that Slater's empire had been built on speculative greed, and organised with formidable incompetence. Coming as a thunderous finale to the whole secondary-banking collapse, the fall of Jim Slater wrought enormous consequent damage: naively, some people imagined that his contribution to British financial affairs might be concluded. Far from it.

Funded by 'Tiny' Rowland's Lonrho, Sir James Hanson's Hanson Trust and others, he started up in 1976 with a disagreeable form of property-speculation known as 'flat-busting'. More recently, he has returned to his old love, stock-exchange operations.

Slater is deeply secretive about the subject, but enough evidence can be unearthed to suggest that his methods remain essentially as they were before the crash. So far from there being penalties attaching to failure, the realities of our financial system are such that – even after a débâcle on a national scale – a big enough speculator will be helped back into a position from which he may be able to put the whole dangerous cycle back into motion. Sir Harold Wilson's committee which is inquiring into our financial institutions has been told by its researchers that most British industrial management is 'rather uninterested' in the Stock Exchange as a source of long-term funds.* If Jim Slater can make a comeback, one can see why they might feel that way.

In Mr Slater's operations, a characteristic pattern recurs. Investment funds which are subject to his advice, control or influence move into the purchase of a share which is 'on the way up.' There may be some industrial justification for the rise, but this is not required and has not generally worked out in practice: given Mr Slater's taste for shares in which the market is 'narrow', so that just a few purchases transform the supply-and-demand relationship, then the mere fact of investment interest will exert for some time a self-sustaining effect. It then emerges that before the creation of this new demand, Mr Slater has privately taken steps to place himself astride some useful part of the supply.

In *Slater Walker; an Investigation of a*

**Committee to Review the Functioning of Financial Institutions. Research Report No. 1, February 1978.*

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British Transport Docks Board -further improvement in results

Salient points from statement by the Chairman, Sir Humphrey Browne:

- **Profitability up—£29m. before interest and tax**
- **Return on capital 16.8%—further improvement in cash flow**
- **Imported petroleum, iron ore and coal down—general cargo services expanded**
- **Major contribution from stevedoring activities**
- **Further early repayment of capital debt—no borrowing from Government since 1972**

Results year ended 31st December, 1977

	1977 £ million	1976 £ million
Gross revenue	**110.5**	99.1
Profit before interest	**29.0**	25.8
Return on capital	**16.8%**	15.5%
Net profit after replacement cost depreciation (based on movement in Retail Price Index) and interest before tax	**15.2**	12.3
Tax (a) payable	**6.6**	3.4
(b) deferred	**1.3**	2.7
Net profit after tax	**7.3**	6.2

		1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975	1976	**1977**
Capital investment financed internally	%	24.3	52.7	67.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	**100.0**
Return on capital	%	3.5	5.6	6.1	7.6	7.8	8.0	15.5	**16.8**

Port Highlights

The port of **Hull** attracted 18 new cargo services during the year and a record 430,000 passengers passed through its Continental ferry terminals. **Grimsby and Immingham** handled 964,000 tonnes of steel exports—another record. **Goole,** too, enjoyed a successful year with over 4,500 ship movements.

Garston's trade rose by 16 per cent overall, with iron and steel imports doubled and **Fleetwood** raised its throughput to its highest level ever. **Silloth** dealt with record cattle imports and **Ayr** handled its largest-ever ship, which brought timber from Canada.

Swansea handled more than 480,000 tonnes of steel and **Port Talbot** achieved record discharge rates for iron ore. **Newport** tea imports more than doubled and car exports rose by 60 per cent.

Barry increased its traffic significantly in 1977, and **Cardiff** established new trade links with South America and the Middle East.

During 1977 **Southampton** dealt with over ¼ million container units and more than 100,000 new vehicles were exported or imported through the port. **Plymouth** set a record for tonnage handled at the port with a 12 per cent increase in trade.

King's Lynn and **Lowestoft** both dealt with their highest tonnages since the BTDB was established.

A copy of the Report and Accounts 1977 is available from the Secretary, British Transport Docks Board, Melbury House, Melbury Terrace, London NW1 6JY. Tel: 01-486 6621. Ext. 6261.

British Transport Docks Board
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*Financial Phenomenon** Charles Raw demonstrated a classic early instance, when Slater wrote as a share tipster in the *Sunday Telegraph*. Slater would recommend for long-term investment shares in which he had already acquired positions for himself: amid the increased demand created by these recommendations, he then sold some of these 'long-term investments' for his own short-term profit. Again, when managing investment portfolios for private clients, he would first buy into some obscure, narrowly-based share for himself, and then put his clients' money into it: on occasion the clients would be given, at increased prices, the self-same securities which Slater had earlier obtained for himself at a more advantageous rate.

Trading patterns

A similar though more extreme phenomenon occurred in the Spydar case, the repercussions of which produced critical instability in the Slater Walker card-house. Slater, Richard Tarling and some other associates operating in the Far East sold off to a publicly-owned Slater Walker subsidiary some packets of shares which they controlled for themselves: in the explosive conditions which applied to Far Eastern stock markets at the time, they were able to divert secretly into their own hands a £1 m. profit which would otherwise have accrued to the public shareholders. In this case, however, they awarded themselves the advantageous early access to the crucial shares *retrospectively*, and false book entries were generated in order to dress the matter up. (After much argument the House of Lords decided last month that the Singapore Government could extradite Tarling – though not Slater – to face charges arising from Slater Walker's Asian operations.) But in every case the essential mechanism – Slater's private interest – has always been expertly concealed, and this remains the case today. Our inquiries started with the information that some time last year Mr Slater began giving stock-market advice to Hanson Trust, already his backers in the 'flat-breaking' business.

Hanson Trust is a publicly-quoted investment company led by Sir James Hanson, knighted in the Wilson retirement honours, and a frank admirer of Mr Slater's acumen. At the end of November 1977 Hanson Trust disclosed, in accordance with take-over regulations, the names of four modest-sized industrial concerns in which it had just acquired holdings of 5 per cent or more; these were Cosalt Ltd, a somewhat diversified ship-chandlery; two textile firms called Sidlaw Industries and Selincourt Ltd; and a light-engineering firm, Lindustries Ltd.

Our information is that Mr Slater took an active part in buying these shares for Hanson Trust. Sir James Hanson, asked this week to comment, said that decision-taking over Hanson Trust's investments was a private matter. 'Mr Slater does not act for us, and we acquired these shares in accordance with our own policy. But I may take advice on the value of shares from a very wide range of people.' He did not think it would be useful to discuss the matter further.

In the first three of the shares named, the registers reveal some interesting trading patterns.

To take Cosalt first: the market in its shares is not wide, because around one-third are held by the Ross frozen-foods family; and it has not been very active lately because a secondary-banking subsidiary is being subjected to a Department of Trade investigation. Still, the shares are of interest because of Cosalt's prospects as a supplier to North Sea oil operators, so there is a rationale to justify Cosalt as an investment on behalf of Hanson Trust's public shareholders.

This was built up through a Jersey-based subsidiary of Hanson Trust called H.G. Nominees, and appears to have begun early in September 1977 – for H.G. Nominees makes its first appearance in the Cosalt share register on 5 October, and this allows some time for the paper-work to catch up with the stock-market bargain. From then on the pace is rapid, with purchases for H.G. Nominees being registered every few days, to reach a holding of 302,839 shares by the year's end.

Mysterious nominees

But the register also shows another Jersey-based nominee concern – Kilsby Securities of St Helier, whose principals are *not* publicly known – trading in Cosalt shares to a very different rhythm. Small but regular purchases by Kilsby were recorded throughout June, July, August and the first half of September: clearly, the summer months were devoted to a buying programme, which brought Kilsby's holding in Cosalt to a peak of 74,905 shares at 19 September.

After that, the process was reversed. Throughout October and November the register shows Kilsby selling-off its Cosalt shares, so that only 1,303 remain by 25 November. It naturally becomes a matter of some interest to know on whose behalf Kilsby was acting, but the nominee disguise is usually impenetrable. (Nominee companies are always on the verge of being abolished, but somehow it never quite happens.)

Mr Slater, asked if Kilsby represented him, was even less forthcoming than Sir James Hanson. 'You write what you like', he said. But before hanging up the phone, he said several times that he had 'never heard of' Kilsby Securities. This is remarkable, because for once we are able to make some checks on a nominee company through the effect of securities regulations rather more stringent than our own. During 1974, in connection with Canadian operations, Mr Slater had to file with the Ontario Securities Commission the names of all the companies through which he controlled shares in Slater Walker. Kilsby Securities was recorded as the second most important of these concerns, holding 250,000 out of Slater's two million shares. It is just possible that Kilsby is now acting for someone else, but the vagaries of Mr Slater's memory make it hard to accept his claims of dissociation.

In the case of Sidlaw Industries, there is not the same wide divergence in behaviour between Kilsby Securities and Hanson Trust itself. However, Kilsby seems to have been a little quicker off the mark, appearing first in the register on 16 December 1977, and having its holding virtually complete by 21 December (at 21,827 shares). Hanson Trust continued to record sales up to February 1978, when it reached a holding of 365,473 shares.

In the case of the other textile firm, Selincourt Industries, the divergence widens again. Kilsby's interest was built up through two accounts, and purchases began to come through to the register in May 1977, reaching a peak of 341,000 shares in June. From then on, there is a steady succession of sales, reducing Kilsby's holding to 14,560 in one account by February 1978.

The Hanson Trust interest – held this time through another nominee concern called Tillotson Commercial Vehicles – begins in November 1977, by which stage the register is already recording sales by Kilsby Securities. The register shows the Hanson Trust holding continuing to build through November, December and January to reach a peak of 3,105,000 shares by February of this year. Again, the registration of deals will be some weeks behind the time bargains were done. But there can be little doubt that Kilsby Securities' interest in Selincourt had blossomed and died before that of Hanson Trust began to manifest itself.

There is no sign of any interest by Kilsby Securities in Lindustries, the fourth company in which Hanson Trust had to declare its interest last year, but still it is clear that Kilsby has been a very busy little concern.

Divergent judgments

Obviously, Mr Slater's operations are far from the level at which they stood when he seemed to dominate the British financial and industrial system – the level at which the Bank of England decided that it would be too dangerous to let Slater Walker pay the full price of his and his colleague's follies. Indeed, in the operations we have described, no-one has suffered immediate loss: it is merely the case that the beneficiaries of Kilsby Securities will have done better than the public shareholders of Hanson Trust. But then, nobody got hurt in the early stages of Mr Slater's first stock-market incarnation; nor did last year's modest upsurge equate to a full-scale bull market of the sort that might really re-establish his charisma. With or without a Tory victory, some such phenomenon can well occur again: it seems clear that Slater's ideas on method of exploitation are much the same as they ever were, and there are always members of the financial community who have no more memory of past disasters than this generation of mayflies can recall the events of last year's summer.

The truth is that the skills possessed by Mr Slater and his like have no relevance to investment, in the sense that Keynes meant when he spoke of it as the task of defeating 'the dark forces of time and ignorance'. Such skills apply only when extrinsic circumstances, political or economic, have promoted an upward surge in the stock-

André Deutsch, 1977

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market: their use is then to magnify its effects, and concentrate them into selected hands. In a falling market they are useless: indeed, their effect is noxious, since the collapse of exaggerated aspiration gives unnecessary momentum to the downward slide.

It might not matter, except that the fever of the Stock Exchange can still affect the lives and jobs of people in the real world. For this reason, a Labour government urgently requires a policy for dealing with stock-market operations, and ought to be able to look to Sir Harold Wilson's committee to generate the beginnings of it. But even granted much zeal by that committee, the example of Slater Walker shows that in this country it will be remarkably difficult to get agreement on such matters. If we assume, reasonably enough, that judges represent the views of the British elite, then last month's Slater Walker decision in the House of Lords shows that elite to be hopelessly divided on matters of basic financial ethics.

The case originated, of course, from the efforts of the Singapore Government to extradite Mr Slater and Mr Richard Tarling. The battery of charges was immensely complex, but the matter complained of was simple enough in essence.

Slater Walker acquired control of a Singapore public company called Haw Par Brothers International. This, amid the hectic Asian stock-market boom of 1972, they caused to purchase large holdings in two Hong Kong property firms – whose shares leapt up at once on the announcement of the Slater Walker interest, and of the mighty expansion plans (still unfulfilled) which were adumbrated at the same time. In other Slater operations, the 'insiders' would have acquired their own interest in such shares well before the promotional take-off, but in this case the order of events was reversed, perhaps for no other reason than that the pressure of wheeling and dealing had by then produced immense confusion.

Several days after the take-off Slater, Tarling and four others agreed to award themselves ten per cent of the shares which had originally been bought for the benefit of the public company Haw Par. These they would pay for at the old, or pre-Slater Walker price – which in view of the way the shares had moved since the take-over, meant that they were helping themselves to an immediate profit of £300,000, and one which was soon to grow to £1 million. This they justified by buying a shell company, christening it Spydar Securities, and manufacturing contract notes to suggest that it had been busily investing on their behalf before ever it had come into their possession.

Tarling was also accused of having salted away into a spurious 'Melbourne Unit Trust' exceptional share-dealing profits which should have been disclosed in the Haw Par accounts: the intention being to spread these profits out of later years, in order to give a misleading impression of steady industrial growth.

When the extradition application came before the Chief Justice of London last year, the magistrate decided that Tarling could

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We want your views on these and all the other TV topics which concern you, to help us put together a programme that will genuinely reflect London viewers' opinions about TV. Write to us at LOOK HERE, London Weekend Television Ltd., Kent House, Upper Ground, London SE1 9LT. We may not be able to answer every letter individually, but every one that we get will form part of the planning that goes into this new programme.

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be extradited on the charges arising from the Spydar affair, but that Slater could not. 'As the evidence against both was in all material respects the same', said Viscount Dilhorne in the House of Lords, 'it is a decision not easy to understand.'

The fact that the magistrate managed to commit the servant and let the master go free was only the beginning of the confusion. Mr Tarling appealed against his extradition, and the Singapore Government appealed against the magistrate's refusal to extradite Mr Slater. These appeals were heard in the Divisional Court in January 1977: the particular interest of the hearing, combined with that of the subsequent Lords appeal, lies not in the complex arguments over jurisdiction, but in the very different ways that the judges considered the questions of business honesty that were involved.

In the Divisional Court, Lord Justice Shaw, Mr Justice Neild and Mr Justice Stocker were careful to say that they were not endorsing the 'financial or commercial propriety of the Spydar scheme'. Nonetheless, the terms of their judgment are such as to suggest that they found no great fault with it. They saw it as one example of a general practice by Slater Walker companies world-wide, known within the company as the 'Tokengate concept'. (The court did not say so, but the Tokengate scheme was the one under which Mr Edward Heath, among others, was given a profitable position in advance of public shareholders).

They were satisfied that the Slater Walker executives had always intended to do something along Spydar-like lines, and they did not think it mattered much that they only got round to it *after* the shares had risen in price. Had the market gone the other way, they felt, the scheme would no doubt have been carried through anyway. (This would have involved Slater and his associates making a voluntary surrender of several hundred thousand pounds.)

The issuing of false contract notes was seen as a slip brought on by overwork. The fact that the whole operation had been carried out in secrecy, and concealed from the shareholders by false declarations, did not in their view affect the basic nature of the transaction. In general, they thought that the evidence fell short of 'setting up a prima-facie case of dishonesty.'

Lord Edmund-Davies in the House of Lords took an almost diametrically opposite view. He agreed with the decisions of his colleagues to refuse extradition on the majority of charges against Mr Tarling, and he did not suggest that Slater could be extradited. But he relied chiefly on jurisdictional grounds for these conclusions, and his major concern was with the ethics of the dealing described in evidence:

> My Lords, the Divisional Court considered that the evidence adduced by the Singapore Government in respect of these charges '. . . appears, at any rate on the surface, to provide formidable support for the allegation of dishonesty', but added that, on a review of 'the whole picture . . . the indications of dishonesty are refuted and expunged by factors equally cogent . . .' I am, with profound respect, wholly unable to agree.

He thought the issuing of false contract notes was 'an astonishing and seemingly sinister incident which, to my mind, cries aloud for some explanation not hitherto made known . . .' It seemed to him that Slater, Tarling and their colleagues were engaging in 'elaborate steps' to conceal their real actions, and was struck by

> the multiplicity of occasions upon which one would have thought that honest men would surely feel impelled . . . to disclose that Haw Par Brothers International assets had been used to obtain shares later transferred to Spydar at their original price despite the intervening considerable upsurge in value . . .

Lords Wilberforce, Salmon and Keith of Kinkel were all censorious, in varying degrees, about the Far Eastern deals – considerably more so than was the Divisional Court. But they clearly did not feel the same outrage as did Edmund-Davies and the fourth Law Lord, Viscount Dilhorne, who also thought that the Divisional Court was wrong in thinking it had found factors which could 'refute or expunge the indications of dishonesty.' There was reasonable agreement about the facts of the matter, but not about how they should be viewed: as Lord Edmund-Davies said, 'the main question dividing this House . . . relates to the question of dishonesty.'

The seven judges involved represent a divergence of view which goes beyond the technicalities of stock-market regulation, and perhaps is at bottom a real cultural problem. There is no real consensus in Britain about what open trading amounts to, or about what advantage, if any, a seller may seek to obtain over a buyer.

For this reason, the production of workable regulations to deal with investment-trading will be genuinely difficult. (The option of waiting for a society so thoroughly socialist as not to need it is not an entirely practical one.) The evidence given by the Stock Exchange to the Wilson Committee admits, with considerable frankness, that the modern stock market tends to become more and more manipulable in the short-term, chiefly because its decision-making is concentrated in fewer and fewer hands. Where there are relatively few decision-makers in a market, there are apt to be wide fluctuations of price – and it is out of such fluctuations that speculative operators look to make their profits. (The irony, of course, is that this situation is produced by the increased collectivisation of capital, in the form of institutional funds.)

If there is a solution, it is likely to come, not through any specific and magical piece of legislation, but rather through a general commitment to greater open-ness and disclosure – an acceptance of Lord Edmund-Davies' values, rather than those of the Divisional Court. In the very simplest sense, the industrial managers whom the Wilson Committee has found reluctant to look towards the Stock Exchange for investment funds, are not likely to find their interest revived while it remains possible for people like Mr Slater to deal secretly in the shares of their companies through nominee accounts. (Industrial life has enough troubles without adding such elements of mystery.) In this sense, the problem of the Stock Exchange is merely a special case of Britain's general problem as a closed and secretive society.

Winston Fletcher

The Ad-men's Political Come-back

As winter unwillingly receded and spring peeped hesitantly through the Brighton squalls, 600 advertising panjandrums foregathered last week for their bi-annual conference and resolved to launch a major offensive. Their objective: to persuade you all that Advertising is Good for You.

For the admen, the chill winds have been blowing long and hard. Contrary to popular belief, advertising in the UK has been a declining industry for nearly 20 years. Its proportion of the GDP dropped steadily from a peak 1.42 per cent in 1960 – following the upsurge created by ITV's launch – to 1.18 per cent last year, a drop of almost 20 per cent. Reflecting this, the numbers employed in advertising agencies fell from 20,000 to just over 13,000 in 1976. While the detergents insistently washed whiter, the outlook turned ever blacker.

Nor were the admen's troubles merely economic ones. Four years ago in Brighton Shirley Williams rattled her ministerial sabre and threatened censorious Parliamentary legislation if the timid persuaders didn't put their own house in order and quickly. The effect was shattering. In a trice the admen set up an organisation which now spends more than £600,000 a year, masochistically encouraging the public to grumble about ads and employing a secretariat of 30 to cope with the complaints thus provoked.

This expensive apparatus, the Advertising Standards Authority, brings express relief to about 4,000 complainants a year – that's £150 per moan, most of which are anyway fairly footling. The Office of Fair Trading is initiating research to investigate whether the public is completely happy with the system; but its existence at least quelled Ms. Williams, and successor Hattersley's, putative desires to muzzle advertising further. (Already more than 60 Parliamentary Acts control advertisements in a multiplicity of ways, yet none of them seem able to shackle the industry sufficiently to satisfy its vehement opponents).

Having temporarily extricated themselves from the clutches of further UK legislation, the admen immediately found themselves facing a further threat: this time from across the Channel. Despite the ASA, the sprouting Brussels' bureaucrats remain unconvinced that British advertising can control itself. Ever zealous in their pursuit of 'harmonisation', the EEC functionaries have produced a Directive on Advertising which if effected would introduce new legal controls in all member states, and effectively replace the Advertising Standards Authority.

This flings us back onto the Brighton rocks, and into the UK advertising industry's offensive. The admen – the vast

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majority of whom were unequivocally pro-Market a few brief years ago – are determined to resist this unwonted foreign interference with all the manipulative powers at their disposal. At Brighton's close they issued their fighting manifesto, which avowed their intention to:

> closely monitor proposed legislation from the European Community to ensure that further harmonisation does not unnecessarily restrict this country's ability to compete in world markets.

The double negative proves the convoluted prose of EEC directives is contagious. Their blitz on Brussels will be but a small part of the admen's forthcoming fight. The battlecry which the Brighton 600 agreed to proclaim to the populace in the months ahead was stirringly summed up in their manifesto:

> Properly planned advertising contributes towards the most efficient use of resources, productivity – and profit. Profit equals investment, equals jobs, equals a better future. Let us be proud of advertising's contribution to future prosperity.

Close textual analysis of the first paragraph will reveal a hesitant confidence in the declaration; while the second paragraph ingenuously conflates crusading evangelism with resolute Japanese bravura. A confection which appositely mirrors the state of the advertising industry today.

The admen are tentatively confident because the last 12 months have brought their business into an upswing again. Nothing like the arrogantly boisterous boom of the 1950's, when Ike's adman bragged that he could media-manipulate almost any nonentity into the Presidency and Colman, Prentice & Varley swept Supermac back to power by persuading the voters they had 'Never Had It So Good.' (A slogan, incidentally, cavalierly filched from an earlier US Democratic campaign). Appropriately, Ike's ex-adman is now reduced to running an insignificant agency in New York and the once spangled Colman, Prentice & Varley is defunct.

No, there's no possibility of a return to the lush Fifties. Nevertheless the econometric gypsies are foretelling a growth in advertising of more than 20 per cent this year, which should handsomely beat inflation for the first time in years. No-one having been recruited or trained during the last five years, there's suddenly a critical shortage of experienced adpersons; you can't buy good peak-time television spots for all the gold in a Benson & Hedges' pack; the commercial radio stations' licences are at last printing money; and adloot is refreshing the newspapers, magazines, poster sites and other parts of the media it frequently fails to reach.

Most of the Brighton delegates, then, were to be seen grinning happily, albeit hesitantly, as they scurried between their grandiose timeworn hotels and the town's less-than-perfectly-functioning new Conference centre. They are hesitant because they fear their good fortune cannot last. They suspect the present burst of oil-based optimism will quickly burn itself out. The economy in general – and inevitably advertising in particular – will then slide back into renewed recession and decline. Hence the offensive.

The message they wish to convey to the country at large was promulgated at Brighton by William Rees-Mogg, Alistair Burnet, Sir Adrian Cadbury, Hedley Greenborough of the CBI and sundry media and industrial bigwigs, and runs as follows: the UK's recent economic performance has been feeble not to say disastrous. North Sea oil, as Rees-Mogg put it, will be like a small pools win. It'll make us a bit richer but otherwise change nothing. Sound stuff, if hardly worth leaving your hot desk and tripping all the way to Brighton to hear.

Ah, but the message continues, and here's the twist. To achieve increased production the admen believe that what is needed is increased *marketing efficiency*. Marketing, a jargon word, is ill-defined and oft misused but roughly means: the satisfaction of consumers' wants through the supply of goods and services, at prices that will bring a fair profit to the manufacturer and distributors.

Advertising being part of the marketing process, the Brighton delegates argued that anything which impairs its effectiveness necessarily makes marketing less efficient. This in turn affects production. The comparatively uncontentious proposition is that businessmen generally know how to sell their own goods better than anyone else; that they have discovered advertising to be one of the most cost-efficient ways of selling goods (they wouldn't spend money on it if they could avoid doing so) therefore mon-

WHSMITH

W.H.Smith & Son (Holdings) Limited. Results 1977/78.

	1977/78 £ Million	1976/77 (Restated) £ Million
Sales	393.8	324.1
Profit before tax	20.2	15.6
Taxation	8.2	3.8
Profit after tax	12.0	11.8
	Per 50p share	
Earnings	14.1p	14.0p
Dividends	2.1995p	1.951p
Asset value	85.4p	73.7p

- Sales increased £69.7m – up 21.5% on previous year.
- Profit before tax up 29.1%.
- Recommended final dividend of 1.489p per 50p share – with interim makes maximum permitted.
- Property valuation shows £9.9m surplus.

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keying about with advertising screws up demand, and thence screws up production. Left to itself, on the other hand, advertising will aid recovery. And the present boomlet will grow up into a great big healthy boom.

Begging the Government not to meddle with advertising is one side of the equation. What, Government can reasonably respond, are the admen themselves doing to increase the efficiency of their business? Here the persuaders find themselves in a dilemma. The more successful they are in selling their clients' goods, the more opprobrium gets heaped upon them.

(Nobody here would agree with Konosuke Matsushita, legendary founder of the National Panasonic group, who believes advertising to be an exceptionally ethical activity since it is immoral to make good products and then not persuade people to buy them.)

So the Brighton luminaries spent little time on self-improvement. They did though listen reverentially to Dr Helmut Sihler, of Germany's giant Henkel corporation. Henkel is the white tornado of the fiercely cut throat German detergent market, and one of the economic benefits claimed for the welter of UK detergent advertising is that it has kept Henkel out of Britain, and thus protected British jobs. Dr Sihler therefore spoke with the ring of authority, as well as of confidence.

He claimed that Henkel have given up all hope of predicting exactly the results of advertising campaigns via mathematical models. 'It is a dream to which we must say not merely *auf wiedersehn*, but goodbye.' The best that Henkel's forecasters can achieve, with the aid of 105,000,000 annual bits of sales data fed into their computers, is a pragmatic guestimate of future trends – dependant as much upon competitors' unpredictable promotional tactics as upon their own planned strategies. A touching revelation, which doubtless brought tears to the eyes of the highly paid statisticians in his audience. Advertising may be good for you, but nobody can tell how much good any of it will do.

Peter Watson: Reforming Jails: A Lesson for the Home Office

Prison Reform groups in Britain are a punch-drunk bunch. They are only too used to being treated as soft-heads, especially by Home Office bureaucrats who invariably denounce their aims as perfectly impractical. One of the Home Office press officers, for example, regularly refers to the people who run the prisoners' organisation, PROP (Preservation of the Rights of Prisoners), as 'goons'. Off the record, of course.

But recent developments in West Germany show that the aims of PROP, the Howard League for Penal Reform and Nacro, (the National Association for the Care and Resettlement of Offenders), are anything but impractical. And that it is the Home Office and others in Britain who too readily assume that prison life cannot be changed in any fundamental way who need to think again.

It started with a decision by the German government to reduce its prison population. Not to tinker with it here and there, but to make a major cutback. In 1969 Germany's jail population was 46,700 – broadly comparable to ours (we now have 42,000 prisoners but our population, of 54 million, is somewhat smaller than Germany's, at 64 million). By now, however, while our prisons have become dangerously overcrowded, the Germans have reduced their numbers in jail – down to 37,000. The doors were opened to the lesser criminals, suspended sentences were used even more widely. And the sky didn't fall in (terrorists are a special group and, in this context, numerically very small).

The effect of this liberalisation ramified so far (an important lesson for our Home Office) that the Germans are now making work effectively a prison law which would satisfy the greater part of our prison reformers' demands. If PROP are goons then the German government must secretly be peopled by John Cleese, Eric Idle and the rest of the Monty Python circus.

Known as *Stravollzugsgesetz*, the new German law makes two major advances:

■ All prisoners have the *right* to a 'contract' with the prison [illegible] which obliges the prison to specify the kind of work a man shall do, which guarantees him a training in the trade of his choice, and even specifies in detail the power of prison officers in certain situations – this latter designed to pre-empt both the abuse of prisoners by prison officers and the endless allegations of abuse which some prisoners are prone to make:

■ To back up these rights special courts now sit in all of the main German prisons to adjudicate in cases where a prisoner feels that his 'contract' is being broken by the authorities. The courts have a proper legal standing and indeed are held under the direction of regular judges. There is no jury (but then Germany does not have juries in the British sense in any case); but witnesses and other forms of evidence are allowed, as is cross-examination. And they are supposed to be held once a week so that grievances do not fester (a major source of concern to British prisoners).

The overall intention of the new measures is, of course, to open up the prisons to regular, outside scrutiny. No statistics as to the operation of the special courts are available yet but it is difficult to see how some of the specific measures could fail to make prison life very different.

The most controversial rule, for example, is that which provides – as a right, remember – for between two and 21 days out of jail each year for all prisoners who have been inside for more than six months. The exact length of time depends on sentence but the break is designed to enable a prisoner to see his or her family or just to take a holiday. What's more, it is up to the prisoner to decide whether to take it in one lump or as a few days off every month.

If the prison governor feels that the inmate will abscond, a prison officer is sent with him; if the prisoner is dangerous then the governor can refuse to let him out altogether. But, and this is a vital point, if the governor does refuse, the prisoner nevertheless can appeal to the special court.

Most important of all, from PROP's point of view [illegible] the fact that although the *Stravollzugsgesetz* law does not actually guarantee the prisoners a right to elect their own representatives in jail (as PROP would like to happen here), neither does it forbid such elections. In fact, it tacitly assumes that they will take place because the manual states that such organisations shall only deal with communal matters, like problems over food or access to TV. Individual grievances of offences have to come before the special courts.

Germany needed these changes in her prisons, every bit as much as our penal reformers now say that Britain's prisons need similar changes. Before it was introduced there was no written law for the jail inmate in Germany. A small group of 'alternative lawyers' (as they call themselves) had begun drafting a law but hadn't got very far. Then, a year or two ago, the German High Court declared that the absence of any such law was unconstitutional. (The Baader-Meinhof gang, too, were able to exploit this lack during the various trials they were involved in.)

Following the High Court decision the proposals of the lawyers were taken up by the FDP (the Liberals). They were watered down somewhat (sex visits, for example, were cut out). But the rest became law and took effect last year. Over the past weeks Professor Klaus Geppert, one of the original group and now a professor at Berlin's Free University, has been surveying prison governors to see what they think of the new arrangements. He says that most thought it was working out 'fairly well'.

German criminals are every bit as 'hard' as British thugs, their prisons as rough and as tough as ours. So there is no reason for thinking that the German case is exceptional in some way. Successive Home Secretaries have played with the idea of doing just what the Germans have done but no one has yet had the courage to take the plunge.

And it may be that we can't do it in exactly the way that they have it. But let not the Home Office mandarins in their splendid new offices in Queen Anne's Gate (the Home Office canteen, with its view across St James's Park to the Palace, must be the best-placed restaurant in London) try to argue in the future that we can't liberalise our prisons, old chap, not because it's wrong to do so, you understand, but because it's impractical. It isn't.

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Badalia Herodsfoot

Compulsory Fair Play

The campaign of Mr Sunesh Vyas to get into a social-work course at the North-East London Polytechnic (reported by Tim Albert, NS 21 April) has achieved a considerable degree of success, in that the High Court decided this week that his rejection had been unfair, and he must therefore be re-interviewed. It is by no means clear yet that Mr Vyas will succeed in gaining his certificate as a qualified social worker (CQSW). But what is clear is that Mr Justice Slade, in giving judgment, has created some very interesting problems for everyone who selects students for academic courses. Briefly, they will now be under an obligation to treat applicants fairly – a burden which, up to now, has been assumed voluntarily, if assumed at all.

To boil down a complex history, Mr Vyas was interviewed for a place on North-East London's course in 1976, and again in 1977. He was rejected each time. The judge concluded that all of the interviewers were doing their best to be fair, but that they had not succeeded in making this manifest.

(The main interview with Mr Vyas in 1977 was conducted by a staff member who had already made it clear that he did not think Mr Vyas should be admitted to the course.)

The most far-reaching question to be decided was whether the court had jurisdiction to review the rejection of an unsuccessful candidate for an academic course. In the case of *MacInnis v Onslow-Fane*, which was fortuitously reported on the first day of the Vyas case, Mr Justice Megarry distinguished between 'forfeiture' cases – in which a person has an established position, or licence, which can be lost – and 'application' cases, where somebody seeks a benefit to which he or she is not necessarily entitled.

In a forfeiture case, the rules of natural justice must apply: the potential victim is entitled to know what is being said against him, and is entitled to make representations. Mr Justice Slade followed this distinction, and said that an educational establishment, in considering an applicant, had no duty to act judicially: it would be oppressive for the courts to rule that applicants must always be given a hearing, and a reason for rejection. If therefore the Polytechnic had declined to accept Mr Vyas, declined to interview him, and declined to give reasons, then there could not have been any complaint.

'It's come! An invitation from Britain to join NATO!'

But once they did give him an interview, they were obliged to act fairly. There was clear authority, the judge said, for the proposition that a statutory body, in making an administrative decision, must act fairly, and this had been extended as far as trade-unions.

The judge did not say exactly where the line of intervention should be drawn, nor did he say that every rejected student would necessarily have a right of review. But on the facts of this case, he was in no doubt that the court should intervene, because the Polytechnic was a public institution, the CQSW was a necessary professional qualification – therefore affecting Mr Vyas' right to work – and the Polytechnic had published documents setting out the procedures which it would follow in selection. Under these, Mr Vyas was entitled to an interview, and it followed that he was entitled to demand that it should be fair.

Having taken the major decision to intervene – and he acknowledged that this was new law – Mr Justice Slade cancelled Mr Vyas' rejection, and said that he should be regarded as a person with an application still pending for the 1977 course. It was up to the Polytechnic to re-interview him according to the procedures agreed with the Central Council for Social Work. (The three boroughs which finance the Polytechnic tried to obtain court approval for fresh procedures, but were rejected.)

The benefit to Mr Vyas is perhaps not very clear: he has become after much trouble and expense, an applicant for a course which is already in its third year. If, on re-interview, he is judged suitable, the legal arguments will have cost him much of the time in which he might have been working towards a qualification elsewhere.

But the consequences for the education system may be very considerable. Privately-funded institutions, insofar as they genuinely exist – none of the more sought-after universities would qualify – may be able to issue blank refusals, with no reasons given. This will scarcely be practical politics for schools and universities which depend on public money, and which are intended to produce public qualifications.

The most immediate extension of the principle will probably be in secondary education, where many thousands of parents each year find themselves dissatisfied with the schools to which their children are assigned. Nearly always, they have some other, more-desired school in mind – one in which, of course, places are limited. Following on from the Vyas case, it seems that parents would be able to compel the local education authority to show, in each case, that it had made its selections fairly. And, if Mr Justice Slade's view prevails, merely *trying* to be fair will not be sufficient to get off the hook.

About Oxford books

The Revolution

Richard Cobb's first two talks on BBC Radio 3 will have delighted all his admirers, introduced his exhilarating historical approach to many listeners unfamiliar with his work, and whetted everyone's interest in him. Oxford have published three of his books (with a fourth to come in the Autumn). **Reactions to the French Revolution**, £4, is a brilliant evocation of the city of Lyon as capital of the counter-revolution, a book which Raymond Carr described in *The Spectator* as 'a work of genius, but the work of a poet as much as of a historian', and *The Times* as 'a startling and original book'. In **Paris and its Provinces 1792-1802**, £6.75, Professor Cobb explored the social and political relationships between Paris and its neighbourhood. Gwyn A. Williams, writing in *The Guardian*, said of it: 'What really registers on the reader's mind about halfway through this hypnotic book is that he is looking at an historical prose version of the unforgettable drawings of Goya. In visual imagination, caustic caption, uncensorious appropriation of the human, breadth of sympathy, occasional excess, and unfailing rationality, these essays are the *caprichos* of Richard Cobb. He is the Goya of our craft. No social historian could want more.'

J. M. Raymond Carr's assessment of this remarkable writer as 'the Proust of contemporary historians' was amply justified by **The Police and the People**, (£7.50, *Oxford Paperbacks* £1.50) — another extraordinarily rich and densely populated study. 'Cobb's major achievement', wrote Eric Hobsbawm in *The Listener*, is to understand what made the common people of the French Revolution behave as they did, by using experience, guiding imagination, to illuminate the written records . . . . His superb study of the nature of the archival sources for his subject throws light on the nature of policemen and bureaucracies everywhere'.

Richard Cobb's new book, to be published in the Autumn at £4.95, is called **Death in Paris**. It's a study of the records of the Basse-Geôle de la Seine, which was the predecessor of the Paris Morgue. To it were brought the corpses of all who had suffered a violent death in the riverside districts, and from its records Cobb has recreated the dangers and passions of life amongst poor and ordinary people: like his earlier books, it celebrates the variety and dignity of human life whatever its circumstances.

The Resistance

H. R. Kedward, another historian of France, uses very similar methods in his highly readable account of **Resistance in Vichy France**: A Study of Ideas and Motivation in the Southern Zone 1940-42, £8.50, which we published in March. In it he examines the very difficult problem of why a small minority of French people began to oppose the occupying Germans and the Pétain government. M. R. D. Foot, writing in the *New Statesman*, says he has 'tackled triumphantly one of the most awkward problems in Resistance history'. And Richard Cobb himself calls it (in *The T.L.S.*) 'an admirable book . . . . The profound originality of his method is that it is throughout based on an individual and human approach, rather than on an institutional or collective one, to what, at least in its inception, was a purely individual decision'.

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Westminster Diary

☐ The Colonel B affair has turned out to be one of those sagas which hover between farce, legal nicety and constitutional principle. The agony of the BBC and the dailies a fortnight ago, trying to decide whether they were in the business of propping up the system or exposing it, was one from which few editors or legal pundits emerged with much consistency. The debate this week was technically concerned with referring the whole matter to the Committee of Privileges – a venerable body of elderly, and somewhat less than radical, parliamentarians. Enoch Powell – not one of the elect Committee – emerged as the hero of the debate, reiterating with simple and uncomfortable logic that the only point in having parliamentary privilege is to 'abuse' it. As in sex, journalism, drink and all the good things of life, one man's abuse is another man's use. A certain subjectivity reigns. Behind all the fuss, however, is the perennial antipathy between the lawyer and the democrat, between the courts and Parliament. Each has sacred ground rules to inhibit the other from its territory – yet forays into no man's land have been becoming increasingly frequent of late, especially on the part of the courts. The assertion of Lord Denning in the Grunwick Post Office case that Sam Silkin, our worthy Attorney General, was answerable to him rather than Parliament in the exercise of his discretion, was only the most recent in a series of invasions of parliamentary territory by the Appeal Court. Lord Denning was slapped down by his elders and betters as no doubt I and my three colleagues in the Gang of Four will be. But we have raised the issue. The Official Secrets Act is now a matter of public debate (and even of articles in the NS) – the Government may yet summon up the courage to legislate – after the election.

☐ From another angle, Colonel B is a moral tale of how Labour gets sucked into a spiral of absurdity which the Conservatives would almost certainly avoid. First there were the unnecessary and damaging Agee and Hosenball deportations just over a year ago; then, as an inevitable consequence, the decision to use Section 1 (the spying bit) of the Official Secrets Act against a couple of radical journalists; now, with the predictable continuity of a Greek tragedy, the present contempt proceedings against the *Leveller*, *Peace News* and the *Journalist*. There is no saying where it will end. The DPP are still far from coming to terms with the new breed of journalists amongst us – infected with the spirit of Watergate from the US, and quite unmystified about the scientific intricacies of bugging and security. It is yet to be seen what the courts make of it all: if they decide to back up the 'heavy' policy of the Attorney General and the Director of Public Prosecution, the only consequence will be to induce Baader/Meinhoff tactics into an area where simple, investigative journalistic skill might have done much to rescue the British newspaper industry from its present callow complacency.

☐ Day after day in recent weeks has been devoted to the Welsh and the minutiae of their new Assembly. The Welsh, like the Scottish, Assembly is a convenient device for the Government because it takes up time which might otherwise have to be devoted to reforming the Official Secrets Act or other such untimely proposals. Still, there are compensations. The linguistic music of the debate is pure Dylan Thomas, as less than a dozen of our Celtic comrades swap soporific anecdotes in that harmonious lilt which I have always found quite magical. As a stranger, I hasten to add, not as a result of any ancestral connection with the valleys: I was brought up in the stern belief that we were pure English Price stock, underived from ap Rhys or any nonsense like that. Wartime evacuation in the Principality and an early addiction to Evelyn Waugh confirmed in me a judgment of the Welsh somewhat akin to that of Dr Augustus Fagan in *Decline and Fall*. 'The Welsh are the only nation in the world that has produced no graphic or plastic art, no architecture, no drama. They just sing . . .'

In spite of their limitations, however, we do need their exports, particularly of schoolteachers and Speakers of the House of Commons and the like. Welsh devolution has always seemed to me a superfluous, expensive vanity, which few of the ones I know really seem to want.

☐ One of the more topical of the Welsh exchanges last week was about whether Westminster should force them to produce a printed Hansard (presumably in two languages, theirs and ours) every day they sit. Having few state secrets, no doubt the perils of breaching privilege would not loom very large. But Hansard performs a very much more important psychological role – that of instant pabulum to the vanity of Parliamentarians. For some weeks now MPs have been forced to do without their daily diet of yesterday's words, which in normal times comes hot from the presses on to the breakfast table: the printers at HMSO have been going slow and we have had to make do with huge, xeroxed wodges of corrected printers' copy, produced on strike breaking machines installed some years ago in the Parliamentary basement. The format is vast and unmanageable and not nearly such satisfactory food for the ego. The Welsh version will throw up some ticklish problems: will they have instant interpretation and translation so that everything appears in dual lingo the next morning? Or will they opt for the Europarliamentary solution, and print every speech in the original, leaving the definitive translation until months later? As I found during my stint in Europe last year, this is not nearly so satisfactory as Hansard, the pleasure of wh[illegible] derives from reading ones own words and then others' reaction to it. In Strasbourg our speeches remain for weeks on end a mere English oasis amidst a sea of ümlauts and os and the like. Even this slow process costs tens of millions of pounds a year, and the cost could well quadruple with enlargement and direct elections. I suspect the Welsh [illegible] be wise to settle for something more modest. Happily MPs now have their Hansard back and can read their wit and wisdom in neat, printed form once again. By a lucky accident, our colleagues in the print decided to end their dispute the day Colonel B was named.

☐ I am one of those many MPs who have volunteered to have their hearts examined. I await the result with trepidation. A year in the lush pastures of the European Parliament has done my girth no good, and regular jogs round St James' Park seem to have made no noticeable difference to its circumference on my return. I read in the *Evening News* that these screenings on me and 449 of my colleagues could lead to a more efficient, automatic pairing system. More sensible would be a simple reduction in hours. One lesson our EEC colleagues learnt some time ago was a reverence for the evening meal; since they take eating as seriously as talking, the advent of 8 p.m. is the best parliamentary guillotine yet discovered.

Christopher Price MP

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard

☐ Post Office detectives spent two months trying to trace the source of radio transmissions to Communist bloc ships anchored off the Cornish coast. They finally traced them to a Falmouth hotel and discovered the clandestine calls were being made by British seamen trying to sell mackerel. – *Daily Telegraph* (J. R. Soames)

☐ I try never to go out for lunch, it takes such a lot of time – four hours the other day. – Lady Longford in the *Sunday Times* (Lilian Solity)

☐ Customers at Frank's fish-and-chip restaurant got a lot more than salt and vinegar as extras. Especially on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Because these were the nights when he provided a live show of bawdy strippers, for a mere 75p extra. Vice-squad police who joined the audience on several occasions saw girls strip naked and walk among the fish-and-chip eaters. – *Daily Express* (M. Boom)

☐ Judge David Thomas heard several cases at Croydon Crown Court while standing because of a boil in an awkward place. – *Southend Echo* (F. Glynn)

☐ Mr Grenville Avery has received part of his prize for winning a regional final of the Nurse of the Year contest – £25 worth of make-up and 20 pairs of tights. – *Daily Telegraph* (Miss J. Brewster)

☐ A hotel spokesman said: 'The strike has meant a shortage of kitchen staff and chambermaids and less room service. The Duke of Bedford, who stayed earlier in the week, made his own bed. He was furious when he got back and found it had been stripped and remade.' – *Daily Telegraph* (J. F. Gorman)

☐ Coutinho said his team were 'provoked' by the good performance of the English. [illegible] (Letter)

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Stop It At Once

Life at a boys' public school a half century ago was a little short on scheduled enjoyments but at the house, one of 12, that I was in, the housemaster did treat us all, at pleasantly recurring intervals, to sensational moral lectures of a prolonged and fascinating nature. We found them totally electrifying for he was a brilliant speaker, had obviously conscientiously prepared his material, and was quite unaware that, to young people, he was a hilarious figure. Every so often after evening prayers he would stand up and, speaking without notes, let fly. As a new boy, I couldn't always understand why he was so concerned and what had gone wrong. Had somebody, perhaps, said 'Drat' or been rude to Matron or left some gristle or smiled at a boy older or younger (you couldn't smile at a boy in another house at all, and, as I was by nature an inane smiler, I was at constant risk)? But as time went on I began to get the hang of the affair and the gist of the matter and hung upon the housemaster's words, later in the day to be so splendidly mimicked by wags as we disrobed, shrieking, for bed, and tackled ourselves into the Land of Nod.

One of the most memorable pi-jaws, delivered during a power-cut but with flickering candle-light rendering it even more, so to speak, electrifying than usual, began with the striking phrase 'This house is a midden', followed by a dramatic pause while the dimmer boys tried to work out just what a midden was and, if so, what might be the matter with it. On another occasion we were told that 'the trouble' lay neither at the top of the house, where the prefects were, nor at the bottom of the house, but in the very middle of it, and a most pious boy (later a distinguished academic and now high up, and highly respected, in the church), anxiously totting up on the house list, found that out of 63 boys he was the 32nd, precisely in the middle and therefore at the very seat of the bother and deplorably culpable.

Other pleasantly recurring treats, also of a mainly moral kind, were the regular week-end visits to the school of the then Bishop of London, dear old, kindly old, indubitably wonky old Winnington Ingram, much loved by all. He preached, of course, in our chapel on Sunday and, after pronouncing the Blessing at the altar, swung round and dexterously extracted from his billowing canonicals a large gold watch and had a dekko at 'the enemy'. And indeed he was operating on a tight time schedule for as soon as the service was over he repaired to our Natural History Museum which stood close by and there, unsuitably seated amongst pressed grasses and cases of spreadeagled moths and the skeleton of a singularly unattractive horse, he received any boy who cared to call on him solo, and very many did, for a little moral uplift and spiritual encouragement at two minutes flat a head, though the more personable boys could usually count on a few seconds longer. A warm, soft and somewhat clinging handshake concluded the interview. Then he was up and away to a nourishing repast with the headmaster at School House, whence a boy had once written home, 'We had beef for lunch today. The headmaster calved.' And after that, at 2.30, three school prefects appeared to make up a four at tennis with the bishop, a lively player who liked to win and whose wild rushes to the net with a loud screech of 'Mine, partner!' seemed to be in no way slowed down by the fact that he always played in enormous elastic-sided brown boots.

When this delightful cleric was not at Oundle, the newspapers kept us in touch with his doings and activities, one of which was to protest. If there was anything morally unworthy going on and ideal stuff for protesting about, there was the bishop, piping up too. He took against, for some not very clear reason, a play called *The Sacred Flame*. Doubtless the word 'sacred' upset him as the flame part meant love, of course, and the illicit love in the play was far from sacred. So protest he did, to the great profit of the newspapers and even more so of Gladys Cooper, who played the lead, and of Somerset Maugham, who had written it. Boosted by the bishop, the theatre was jammed for months with titillated playgoers and envious theatre managers pressed free seats on him, hoping that he might unearth something and be inspired to protest about *Rose Marie* or *Peter Pan* or *Where the Rainbow Ends*, or *George and Margaret*.

And now, bless me, here he is again after all these years, popping up as fresh as paint and hot on the track of filth, his wails and strictures now resurrected in Edward Bristow's admirable *Vice and Vigilance* (Gill and Macmillan, £12.00), a fine panorama of the various purity movements in Britain. I hadn't fully realised how good the bishop's track record was. In the whole 38 years of his London incumbency, he never once missed a meeting of the Public Morality Council's subcommittee on brothels, the air thick with tch tchs. He kept the Home Secretary on his toes ('I took him in 21 filthy books', and followed them up with a cartload of saucy magazines, light reading that was probably an agreeable change from the official boxes). He spoke out, rather unfairly, against plump ladies in flesh-coloured tights displaying themselves, with not a follicle of pubic hair in sight, in music-hall *tableaux vivants*. In 1934 he announced in the Lords, muddle-headed to the last, that he would like to make a fire of all contraceptives 'and dance round it' (in those brown boots, again).

We remember Macaulay's verdict that there is no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodic fits of morality. Last century's fit was a longish one. There was an agitation to clothe (what with? Bloomers? Jock-straps?) some nude statues in the Strand. Sellers of obscene toothpick cases were ruthlessly tracked down and 'spoken to'. Purity workers, armed with lanterns, lurked at the doors of brothels to identify the customers, subsequently writing up their names on walls. Then the ladies were invited to leave their work awhile and come to church (male salvationists were warned 'never to kneel down with women at midnight meetings, especially behind a pew'). Tea was served, nosegays were handed out by the Bible Flower Mission, and, as soon as dawn broke, there was a group photograph ('Smile, please'), followed by breakfast.

Everybody got very worried and panicky about white-slave traffic and crateloads of drugged and insensible womanhood getting shipped abroad. Abductors, clutching hypodermic syringes, were said to haunt the most unlikely places (Barnet, Banbury, Finsbury Park) waiting to pounce and whizz servant-girls off to Buenos Aires. Beasts in human shape were alleged to rig themselves up as clergymen and, with attractive offers, lure maidens to the capital ('Dear child, you're going to love the British Museum'). The West Ham area was apparently an unexpectedly fruitful supplier of moon-faced girls ripe for Marseilles, and even as late as 1913 the 5,000 girls of London's telephone exchanges were given official warnings to watch out for drugged chocolates. Just the one violet cream or strawberry surprise and everything might go black.

Roger Woddis

Over to Prospero

Sir Gerald Fitzmaurice, dissenting judge at Strasbourg, said boys at his school often preferred birching to learning Shakespeare by heart.

Now I see my plays in rhyme
Were just a sorry waste of time:
'Better the birch' – I should have known
Sir Gerald and his like were prone
To opt for beatings on the bum,
Rather than verse. O, Will, be dumb! –
Nothing so degrades a youth
As learning lines that speak the truth.
Sonnets are hateful; boys detest
Getting fourteen of the best,
But stripping to his underpants
Will bend the lad towards romance,
Romeo and Juliet in their vault
Do less than legalised assault
To set the captive spirit free
And fill the heart with ecstasy.
I broke my staff and drowned my book
To mark the magic I forsook:
Deformed and savage Caliban
Now governs on the Isle of Man.

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Letters to the Editor

Unemployment Machine

Sir, Your article (NS 7 April) on the current state of play in the DHSS may well paint an accurate picture of what is happening in some areas but unfortunately it is completely inaccurate, at least so far as the clerical trade union, CPSA, is concerned. You are unlikely to win many friends among clerical staff in the DHSS when you abuse them and misunderstand the nature of their work and the position that they have taken and consistently re-emphasized, through the union, on Management by Objectives.

You should know that brigades of untrained clerks do *not* operate a 'large-scale system of discretionary benefits'. The vast majority of discretionary awards are made by visiting officers who, in the main, are as 'humane and intelligent' as the staff in the upper levels of the DHSS. Furthermore, Supplementary Benefit counter protection is the price the majority of claimants have to pay for the excesses of the few. It should be borne in mind, however, that an individual claimant has to spend one or two sessions of 15 to 30 minutes confronted by this screening whereas an interviewer probably spends about four hours a day, five days a week in these surroundings and, in my experience, maintains a cheerfulness and sense of purpose rarely encountered outside a DHSS office.

There is no doubt among DHSS staff that the system needs reform and the CPSA has for many years reflected this mood by being a prime mover for simplification. But we have been seeking genuine simplification and not a disguised expedient to cut corners, staff and, ultimately, expenditure.

Your description of the pressure of work is quite factual but to propose that Management by Objectives could have resolved the problems is very faulty logic. You indicate that the pressures on staff are to blame for the present state of things and then suggest as a remedy a project specifically designed to increase clerical productivity. The scheme was the invention of a time and motion man, John Humble. In practice the DHSS MbO methods differed from the original theory and standards of work (targets) were often imposed and pressure exerted to see that these targets were met and output maintained or increased. CPSA members have consistently argued in favour of quality of work as against quantity, for we are dealing with the individual circumstances and needs of a very wide range of people. If you read *'Management in the Regional Organisation'* more carefully you will find that, far from revealing a 'new order of things', it is the same old thing in new clothes.

PETER BOARDMAN
CPSA Branch Secretary
Central Sussex Branch
Brighton

Nail Shortage

Sir, Vicky must have turned in his grave at Handelsman's cartoon on page 457 of your issue of April 7. It is both dishonest and poor: dishonest because it suggests that 'political opponents' are being hanged in Pakistan; and poor because even a Pakistani would not be able to guess without the benefit of the caption what it was all about or who the figure in the foreground was. One hopes the West does not suffer from a shortage of nails; it may well need them to deal with Baader-Meinhof, the Red Brigades and your own burgeoning National Front. As for the three common criminals who were hanged for killing a 12-year-old boy after sodomising him, may I remind you of a saying of Thomas Fuller: 'Law cannot persuade where it cannot punish'.

S. M. HUSSEIN
Postfach 125826
1 Berlin 12, FRG

Peter Petroff

Sir, In 1916 when I was helping to found the Scottish Labour College I met the above leading Russian socialist who lived in Glasgow for some time. He had been sent over to Glasgow to do propaganda work amongst the Russian naval crew that had been dispatched by the Czarist government to collect a battleship that the Clyde workers had very kindly built for the Czar. He returned to Russia and was appointed by Lenin Under Commissar for Foreign Affairs and signed the first treaty that took Russia out of the war. Later when he found that democracy was disappearing even in the Communist Party itself, he and his wife, after having taken part in the battle against the Whites, decided that the kind of socialism developing in Russia was not to their taste and went to live in Germany. When the Nazis got control of that country he and his wife realised that they would have to escape immediately and arrived in my office in Hampstead. He subsequently lectured for the NCLC and wrote for *Plebs* with the help of his wife. He eventually wrote a substantial biography but his proposed publisher wanted him to greatly reduce the size of the book. He refused. So far as I know the book was never published as he died not very long afterwards.

Can any of your readers say whether the book has been published and if not where the manuscript now is? It's an important book because Petroff played a leading part in the history of Russian socialism.

J. P. M. MILLAR
Hon. Secretary National Council of Labour Colleges Trustees
5 Mount Boone
Dartmouth, Devon

Meals on Wheels

Sir, When did Arthur Marshall find it possible to buy his hamper of goodies 'held aloft' (smiling mind you) for the modest sum of half a crown? Was it about the time when the allowance for a child of an unemployed man was even less than half a crown?

P. EAMES
Redlands
Coleford, Glos.

Geller's Science

Sir, Brian Inglis (Letters 28 April) defends Uri Geller by implying that Vasha Matz must have been lying either when he was Geller's manager and said he was psychic, or when he was sacked and said he was a conjuror. Why should we trust his word, either way? Because he made money out of affirming Geller's paranormal powers, and not out of denying them. Inglis adds that an argument must be answered at its best, and says that 'nobody now takes Professor Taylor's electro-magnetic hypothesis seriously, not even Taylor'. But that was surely the best argument for Geller's paranormal powers. Is there a better one?

NICOLAS WALTER
Rationalist Press Association
88 Islington High Street
London N1

Cheers

Sir, You will no doubt be gratified to learn that your worthy organ is read in as remote a corner as deepest Lincolnshire, whilst less happy to discover that 30 pence will buy a very good pint of ale indeed, around these parts. We would in fact be extremely aggrieved, had we to pay more. Are we, therefore bitter about your decision to raise the cover price? Indeed not; the news was given a most mild reception. The few, dark, faces soon cleared as our good fortune in not having to shell out extortionate quantities of cash for the gaseous, characterless stuff *you* call beer in the capital, was appreciated. Cheers.

A. J. ALLAN
The Sycamores
Westgate, Lincolnshire

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MAY BOOKS

Neal Ascherson

Pooter in the Twilight of the Gods

The Goebbels Diaries edited and introduced by Hugh Trevor-Roper *Secker & Warburg* £7.50

'A proportion of the profits derived from the publication of this book will be donated to the *Jewish Quarterly* . . .' So it says at the front of the volume. How just that Goebbels' own precious journal, his indefatigable prose, 'the last key document to emerge from the Third Reich' (blurb), should end up nourishing a Judaeo-plutocratic bunch of what *Poison Dwarf* used to call 'over-intellectual elements'! Unluckily, the irony isn't that sharp. The fortune of the *Jewish Quarterly* is not assured, because not many people are likely to buy this book. Goebbels' Diaries, or this edition of part of them, are very dull.

The publishers are evasive about what exactly it is that we are reading, and a seven-page introductory note on sources by Peter Stadelmeyer does not give much away. Goebbels apparently kept a diary from at least the early Twenties until a few days before his suicide. Parts of it – Goebbels' rapture at his first encounter with the Führer, for instance – are well enough known. But this book, subtitled (though not on the cover) 'The Last Days', covers only the period from 27 February to 9 April 1945. As Professor Trevor-Roper makes clear in his own introduction, it is only a tiny fragment. It is not even the final fragment, because Stadelmeyer quotes evidence to show that Goebbels was still dictating entries up to 22 April.

Goebbels himself used extracts in a book published in 1934. Louis Lochner published some of the 1942-43 diaries shortly after the war, and Helmut Heiber edited parts of the 1925-26 diaries in 1960. The Russians took over 'a dozen thick folders' of manuscript diary after the capture of Berlin, which related to the years between 1932 and 1941 – when Goebbels started dictating his diaries to a secretary. Eleven years ago, a Polish historian saw folders of the diary manuscript in the archives of the Soviet Ministry of Defence, perhaps the 1932-41 material. One way and another, it sounds as if almost the whole journal may have survived.

What, then, is the provenance of this lot? We are not told. Stadelmeyer reports that Goebbels had the typed diary manuscript for this period microfilmed. But

> . . . so far neither the originals nor the plates of the 1945 transcripts have been found. The material published here has been compiled from a film copy on perforated microfilm . . . originating from East Germany. This copy is part of the voluminous material offered to Hoffman & Campe [the West German publishers of this book] in October 1972 by the journalist Erwin Fischer.

And that is all. There is no suggestion of forgery (a forger would have written something more interesting, and anyway Goebbels' secretaries survived to recognise their work). But a good story lies concealed here. Governments have been playing politics with the scattered pieces of the diary for over 30 years. The reader would have enjoyed a proper account of this game, and at least some explanation of how and why this particular fragment emerged in the West.

It is a curiosity, but by no stretch of the imagination a 'key document'. There is practically nothing new in it, unless it is a revelation that Hitler once thought Himmler should be army commander-in-chief but changed his mind after Himmler made such a bungle of commanding a front in Pomerania. There are other, similar, chips to add to the mosaic. Much of the material is simply the rehearsing of the day's military briefing, the 'sitrep', which can be found in any headquarters log or even in the daily newspapers.

This book covers the weeks before Hitler and Goebbels and the last of the faithful retreated to the bunker under the Chancellory. They were still above ground, even though the ground was getting steadily harder to recognise. The Propaganda Ministry was hit, to Goebbels' intense grief; he had loved the place. 'With what care have we chosen every fresco on the walls and every piece of furniture! And now it has all been given over to destruction . . .'

Goebbels was obsessed with the Allied air offensive against Germany. This was where the war was being lost, he constantly told his diary. 'The Reich will gradually be turned into a complete desert.' This was not only a matter of the damage to war industry, but the crushing of popular morale to the point at which – in the west, where Allied bombing was heaviest – the civilian population would often welcome the American troops. In turn, the bad civilian mood demoralised the Germany army.

Again and again, Goebbels comes back to this point. Today, most historians are persuaded that the Allied area bombing offensive was on balance a failure, that it was even capable of stiffening the will to resist. Goebbels says the opposite. But the diaries reveal a number of reasons why the air war should have made a disproportionate impression on him. First of all, he was engaged in his famous rivalry with Goering, commander of the Luftwaffe, and few days passed on which Goebbels did not moan to Hitler about the need to replace Goering. The Allied air supremacy was the Luftwaffe's failure. The fighter pilots, according to Goebbels, were idle, over-paid and over-padded in their luxurious bases. There was corruption and shirking. All this was Goering's fault, and the ruin of the Reich was his responsibility. But the Führer did nothing, until the last few days when the act no longer meant anything. In the second place, as Propaganda Minister Goebbels was professionally aware of the impact of the bombing. He received reports of civilian reaction from his own men on the spot. He was in effect responsible for the Home Front as a whole in a way which Albert Speer, running war industry, was not. What took place near the battle lines, or in conquered Germany behind them, interested Goebbels acutely but he was less well informed.

Goebbels, in fact, knew remarkably little about 'the face of battle'. Few of the Nazi leaders went close to the fighting, least of all near the end of the war, and although Goebbels was more venturesome than most, he never appreciated what war meant to soldiers. Bombing he became used to: the Mosquitos raided Berlin almost every night, and most diary entries close with a whine about lack of sleep. But he thought that soldiering and the behaviour of generals were still heroic matters, like the war scenes in Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* or episodes from the Punic Wars as described by Professor Frank. (Such books were his main reading matter in the final weeks.) He did visit the eastern front once, in this period, but somehow assimilated reality to his own fantasies: brave fellows, his own speeches rapturously received, tales of subhuman Bolshevist atrocities gratefully noted for future use. There was one bad moment, looking at knocked-out Soviet tanks:

> Our anti-tank guns had done a good job here. Privately, one is seized with horror at the sight of these monstrous, robot-like steel colossi with which Stalin wants to subjugate Europe.

Privately . . . The word asks the question: for whom did Goebbels compose this journal, so carefully typed-up, microfilmed and eventually buried in chests in a wood outside Berlin? But there is no plain answer. They do not form a political testament, because they are too concerned with personal detail. Neither are they a private release of feeling, a 'revelation' of some kind about the inner Goebbels. There wasn't an inner Goebbels to reveal. What he writes here about his own feelings and reactions is substantially what he said and wrote in public at about this time, but expressed in less bombastic language. He seldom mentions his wife Magda and their six children, and there is no way of knowing whether their decision to murder their children and take their own lives had yet been envisaged or discussed.

A 20-year diarist like Goebbels, par-

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ticularly one so voluminous, is in danger of becoming automatic. I suspect that these diaries had long ago come to serve a practical purpose. Goebbels was putting down rough notes for his oratory and journalism. Ideas are tried out in these pages in a preliminary form. One can imagine Goebbels dictating some of these sentences – 'Bolshevism usually answers any approaches with a kick in the stomach', or 'Europe would prefer to go down in chaos, flame and smoke rather than submit' – and then leaning back in his chair, letting them echo a little for their savour. Could that go into the leader for next week's *Das Reich*? This could start the second half of the Führer's great radio speech – if I can ever get him to make it . . .

Goebbels passes for a cynic, an opportunist. He could be very funny and disrespectful in conversation. But there is no humour here, and little opportunism. This is the believing, loyal, hero-worshipping Goebbels. The malice and scepticism are kept for those who disturb his illusions. The dull, pessimistic generals, especially. If they would not fulfil his vision of patriotic total war, then the people must step in. All through this time, the huge film *Kolberg* was being completed (eventually shown to post-war West German audiences, punctuated by warning insertions about Nazi propaganda). Goebbels, like most politicians of the second world war, had become insanely historicist by 1945. Alexander Nevsky was alive, and Henry V, so why not Nettelbeck, the heroic defender of the town Kolberg in the 'War of Liberation'? In the film, he is given the lines Goebbels screamed out at the end of his 'total war' speech: *'Nun, Volk, steh' auf, und Sturm bricht los!'*

The diaries show how remote and fictive Goebbels' view of the war had become. The Volk did not stand up, but sensibly kept its head down. The only 'Sturm' was the elderly Volkssturm, the Home Guard, too arthritic to do much storming. The 'Werewolf' movement, from which Goebbels hoped for so much, never really emerged. The mayors of cities like Mannheim, far from fighting to the end *à la* Nettelbeck, telephoned the Americans and asked them to get there fast. Kolberg itself surrendered without much fuss to the Russians. In Rheydt, where Goebbels was born, a white flag was flying from his own birthplace. The only people who were still fighting a lost war as if they meant it were the troops themselves. They had little choice.

If they wavered, they would be hanged or shot, as Goebbels insisted. Goebbels still supposed the war could be won, or at least saved. He hoped for a collapse of the Western-Soviet alliance and planned to offer Stalin ('who need take no account of his public opinion') a partnership against the West. Then this second Nazi-Soviet Pact would 'pursue the struggle against England with brutal violence'. Goebbels, in his historicist way, was much more concerned with Britain than the United States, a country which seems to have defeated his imagination. He dreamed of the sort of last-minute turn of fortunes which had rescued Frederick II and Prussia from their enemies.

Professor Trevor-Roper comments that 'the reader . . . is more likely to be struck by the unreality rather than by the reality of Goebbels' mental picture of the war'. This seems true when we find Goebbels seriously believing that popular unrest was about to halt the war effort in Britain, or paralyse the US or bring France to revolution. But is it so true about strategy? Goebbels thought that if the Reich could hold on militarily, and stabilise the fronts for a period, the anti-Nazi coalition would collapse. If his military assumption had not been so wrong, the rest of the hypothesis would not be so foolish. We see the Cold War as a consequence of the victory over the Third Reich, the victors' quarrel over the spoils. But if Stalin had occupied eastern Europe and the Nazis had then held the lines on the Rhine and the Oder for six months or more, would the coalition have survived?

Selecting ideas in this way is being kind to the diaries. Almost entirely lacking in personal or public revelation, they have a queer bathos. This is Pooter in the Twilight of the Gods. After having a woman guillotined for stealing bread, in the capital of a land which had slain tens of million of human beings by design, whose cities were ruinfields and whose frontiers had long been crossed by revengeful foreign hosts, Goebbels writes: 'One sometimes wonders desperately where all this will lead.'

David Caute

Do It! – Remember?

The Twilight of the Young: The Radical Movement of the 1960s by KLAUS MEHNERT *Secker & Warburg* £6.90

Malevolent critics of the older generation delight in reminding younger historians that their second-hand descriptions of the Popular Front or the onset of the Cold War are fatally flawed by their biological failure to have taken part in these disasters. (The shrewd historian will choose a period whose participants are, without exception, dead.) Now Klaus Mehnert, who is over 70 and published his first book in 1928, has had the audacity to write about the radical movement of the 1960s; one is tempted to turn the gun round and argue that he was too old to be alive at the time.

There is a grain of truth in this. The burning idealism of the young is a catapult of great velocity but short elastic: it was either the time of your time or it wasn't. Mehnert can recall exactly the lens through which his comrades in the German youth movement viewed the world under the Weimar Republic; but while such a long span of experience offers him useful insights into the perpetual cycle of youthful hopes and disappointments, it nevertheless leaves him stranded like an inquisitive and sympathetic Martian in the particular subjectivity of the radical Sixties. Even so, I am glad to have read this book. It is well-written, diligently researched, factually accurate and continually warmed up by the author's delight in dropping in on the hippies, communards and students, from Haight Ashbury to Berlin to Tokyo.

The *enragés* and pot-dulled drop-outs squatting on their chairless floors evidently welcomed his visits; militarised Japanese students of the Left, kitted out in helmets, wet handkerchiefs and an awful fanaticism, gave him barely a passing glance. Mehnert is the perfect fly on the wall. His engaging blend of detachment and sympathy can be illustrated by his description of a short call on the young ecologists or *'ecorillas'*:

> Everybody was into 'ecology' that year, thinking of ways and means to save the world from pollution and destruction, so I was invited next to the students' house, to see the garden where they had planted small paches of vegetables . . . To do ecology properly, I was informed, you have to develop the right 'ecostatics' and, if necessary, commit 'ecotage' – sabotage on behalf of ecology. They were full of suggestions . . . members of Congress who voted for freeways and other 'paved paradises' should – as a warning – find their lawns covered by concrete . . . A girl handed me a sheet filled with writing on one side. 'We always use both sides to save paper,' she said. 'Each sheet is a piece of forest.'

And so on. Mehnert gives no offence; clearly he isn't knocking anyone. But this passage, for all its friendly humour, illustrates a constant, and perhaps inevitable, detachment which always leaves the author either outside or merely knocking on the door of his subject. His efforts at avuncular empathy are impeded by a father's lack of commitment. A concerned liberal is observing young things crazy to change a world which, he suspects, can be improved but will yet always remain the same.

The ultimate effect, though Mehnert gallantly strives to deny it, tends to be one of dismissal, of an autopsy. This impression is reinforced by what seems to be an extremely unfortunate translation of the original German title, *Jugend im Zeitbruch*. Mehnert argues that 'Youth at the Break of Time' is impossible in English, but I'm not sure. It may be technically true, as he insists, that there is a twilight in the morning as well as at nightfall, but the common usage suggests the going down of the sun – inescapably it conveys the sense of an ending, and the implication that what Mehnert has written, he has written off.

The structure of the book also presents problems. A freewheeling interpretative essay, drawing on whatever events and happenings support the author's case, seems to have become clogged by somewhat awkward areas of obligation, by the desire to leave nothing out and so present a comprehensive history of radicalism during the past 20 years. As a result, a potted account of the Baader-Meinhof gang appears in Part One, 'The Story', while a longer and more analytical chapter, 'The Road to Violence', crops up in Part Three, 'The Style', alongside sections on sex, drugs, life in the new communes and rock music. Potted accounts of formative philosophers of the older generation, such as Adorno, Marcuse, Fromm and Reich, suddenly make an appearance on page 308 – long after one has been introduced to the thought of young

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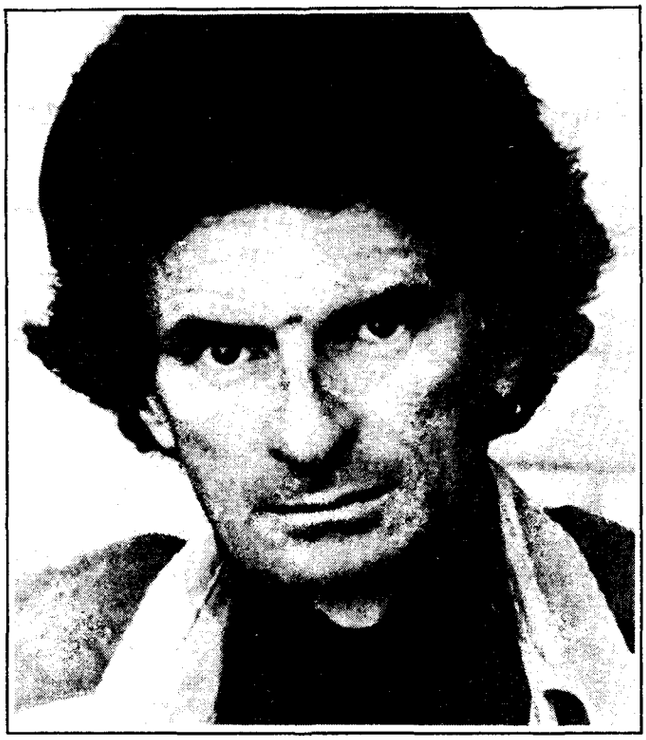
AN AUTHOR ANSWERS BACK...



Jerzy Kosinski, author of such international award-winning bestsellers as Cockpit, The Painted Bird and Steps, has been hailed by Psychology Today as 'one of the foremost psychological novelists in the world'. His new novel, Blind Date, was highly acclaimed in the United States – 'it is so perfectly written, so dynamically conceived', said the Los Angeles Times, 'that it is destined to become Kosinski's biggest critical and commercial success in his career as a novelist'. In Britain, however, the reception was mixed. In interviews given recently in Psychology Today and the San Francisco Review of Books, Kosinski stated his views.

'Living people... are diminished and cheapened by a book that treats everyone as an object of prurient fantasy. The fact that he drags in real human suffering almost as an afterthought only makes his attempts at significance and "meaning" all the more gratuitous and unpleasant.' ***Spectator.***

Q: 'What is the purpose of fiction?'
A: 'To engage the reader in a drama that is much more condensed and crystallized than the drama of our daily existence, yet made of the same ingredients. I believe that through this process, the reader's awareness of his or her life – as a drama – is increased... My characters are all agents in the service of counteracting emotional suppression. They are desperate to turn a commonplace of daily routine into a dramatic arena, to transform mere experience into adventure. If they succeed, my novel might detonate a fragment of reality which had lost for us its detonating power.'

'Nasty, violent and brutal... I am left feeling sorry that there are no double X certificates for books. This novel, if novel it be, could do great harm to sensitive minds.' ***Daily Telegraph.***

Q: 'Isn't your fiction, then, rather demanding on the reader?'
A: 'If it is, so is life... The popular culture renders us passive; most of our novels, television and films tend to distract rather than to confront us... I think literature is the last surviving awakener, the last form of art which still requires a profound effort from within.'

'Everything seems an excuse for "stories", the sort recounted to repel, shock, perhaps interest. These are often of a vicious kind, involving rape, killing, sexual violence of various kinds, incest, in an atmosphere of cruelty, psychological or physical' ***Financial Times.***

Q: 'What do you intend the readers to perceive from what your characters tell and show them about violence?'
A: 'By engaging my reader in the concrete, visible acts of cunning, violence – assault and disguise – (as opposed to the diluted camouflaged violence of our total environment) my fiction is purging his emotions, enraging him, polarizing his anger, his moral climate, turning him **against** such acts (and often against the author as well)'

BLIND DATE published by HUTCHINSON at £4.95.

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Rudi Dutschke. The effect, then, is often of a book sewn together.

Again, although Mehnert's subject is clearly the youthful revolt associated with the New Left, he tends to pursue young people beyond these frontiers which, heaven knows, are wide enough. We pay a brief, page-long visit to Prague in 1968, but the Czech students, surely, though in the vanguard of the reform movement, were essentially collaborating with their liberal fathers and mothers in a programme vastly separated, both in content and style, from the contemporaneous upheaval in Paris. Or take the question of sex and drugs. Fornication and pot are by no means habits indicative of political revolt or even implied social challenge.

Although Mehnert takes note of Bob Dylan and the Beatles, he fails to notice that the live theatre held the key to the culture of the New Left. (John Osborne, whom he dutifully mentions, had nothing to do with it.) It's odd to write about the rebellious Sixties without mentioning Genet, Brecht, Godard, Artaud, Weiss, La Mama, the Bread and Puppet Theatre, the Living Theatre, the Open Theatre, Brook, Grotowski . . . The New Left produced its fair share of ideological tracts and intellectual dialectics, but its culture was much less verbal, and much more physical, than that of the Old Left. Do It! – remember?

The theatre was important not only because it is a physical, visual and immediate medium, but also because of its collective nature; that was vital to the young in the Sixties – to do things together. The great moments and happenings of the time were more than demos with a political purpose. They were ends in themselves, communal events saturated with warmth, laughter and fraternity. Despite Brecht and Genet, the kind of theatre which flourished was basically not author's theatre: there was a great distrust of the dictatorship of the written word, a widespread belief that if you thought first and acted later you would never get round to the acting part. Mehnert, I think, has failed to explore the anti-rationalist philosophy (as distinct from lying about and grunting through a psychedelic haze, which he does notice) of certain elements of the New Left, the distrust of grammar and syntax as the guardians of received ideas, the suspicion that knowledge organised by university faculties into curricula is hierarchic and repressive.

Mehnert has obviously spent a good deal of time on campuses, particularly American ones, but he tends to focus on political unrest, on confrontations with the government, the police, the university administration, or the agents recruiting for companies making napalm. Yet he misses a dimension of the academic trauma which carried a far more original challenge to established values – the assault on the whole notion of competitive performance and competitive assessment. No Grades! It was not merely that students feared that they were being judged and processed for capitalist industry with the connivance of their dons (No Files!). The demand that students should evolve their own courses of study, like the demand that dons should no longer dine in seclusion, united middle-class professionals from all corners of the world in scandalised solidarity. The daddies of the Old Left, tolerant of their kids' demos against Vietnam or Cambodia, were outraged by youthful manifestos indicating that henceforth students would be appointing their own professors.

For all his elderly benevolence, Mehnert is incapable of viewing the New Left's abhorrence of the affluent society as more than an aberration. 'The difference between façade and reality is much smaller in the open society of the West than in the authoritarian one of the East,' he writes. Yet the New Left was convinced that the 'repressive tolerance' perfected by consumer capitalism allowed it to absorb challenges by offering the populace the spurious freedom to say anything, so long as they didn't do it.

Mehnert's impression is that during the Seventies young people have withdrawn into the inner life, into religious cults – an amazing leap, as he puts it, from explosion to implosion. Perhaps he has spent too much time among the faddists of the Pacific Coast. Despite the quieter, less cataclysmic mood now prevailing, youthful radicalism is today probably more securely, and purposefully, rooted in this country than during the revolution-addicted Sixties. Tempting though it is to view the fireworks of the Sixties as a bourgeois extravaganza cushioned by a decade of unprecedented prosperity, something was born during those years of charm and hope which will not quickly wither away.

MICHAEL SHANKS

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BODLEY HEAD

Anthony Burgess

Misspeak

The Jargon of the Professions by KENNETH HUDSON *Macmillan* £7.95

In the Middle Ages, jargon was what the swote briddes sang: a language intelligible to them, but not to us. Jargon is now a human noise, and not usually an innocent one either. It is learned, or meant to be, though it is often in the mouths of the unintelligent; it is intended to glorify the speaker and mystify the hearer; it uses many words to say little; above all, it is dishonest.

Kenneth Hudson uncovers the motivations behind it: the insecure must feel that society needs them; those who are ashamed of certain acts must gild them with euphemisms; the small must find bigness in big words; those who have nothing really to sell must dupe their customers with the high-flown or high-sounding. But we have to guard against confusing jargon with the necessarily specialised and technical. If I read that Swedish has two t-phonemes and one of them is retroflex, that Debussy overdid parallel secondary elevenths, or that anxiety neuroses often have a sexual etiology, then I am in the presence of exact language well understood by those versed in linguistics, music or psychiatry. Still, even in technical or professional language the user should not have *carte blanche* to devise terms that make the mysterious even more mysterious. To a musician a discord is no better, or worse, than a heterophony. Physicians know what a belly-ache is. We should use a specialist vocabulary with apologies, even to the specialist.

Mr Hudson does not mention this, but I feel that the lower-class British have been conditioned ever since the Norman invasion to look, or listen, up to the Graeco-Latin element in our mixed language, to regard it as an emanation of rank, as the comforting noise of paternalistic rule. Bishop Hall's sermons were surely for the upper class, who would appreciate a totally Saxon lexis as a bit of Sunday slumming:

> Here was Adam, delving with a jaw-bone, and harrowing with sticks tied uncouthly together, and paring his nails with his teeth: there was Eve, making a comb of her fingers, and tying her raw-skinned breeches together with rinds of trees; or pinning them up with thorns.

The lower orders would want real Sunday language, the less intelligible the better. They still expect it from their doctors and would prefer to have a digital lesion than a cut finger. This, of course, to get back to Mr Hudson, is why there is so much jargon about: there's a genuine audience for it.

It is the dishonesty of jargon we should be most concerned about, and it is natural to look for the most blatantly obfuscatory jargon among those whose trade or profession is built on dishonesty – the salesmen, war-men and politicians. Take Churchill, for instance, whose wartime rhetoric was a

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veneer over the crude beastliness of war':

> The Army of the Nile has asked and it was given. They sought and they have found. They knocked and it has opened unto them.
>
> All is over. Silent, mournful, abandoned, broken, Czechoslovakia recedes into the distance.

You will note that big words are not essential for jargon: big associations are enough. You will note also that Mr Hudson himself is not averse to jargon. The 'crude beastliness' (meaning very human sophistication) was that of the enemy; Churchill was, for the most part, on the side of liberty: Mr Hudson is verbalising and not thinking. Still, his point is well taken. Politicians tended to use the Bible to exalt mean or evil enactments; now they are more likely to use the language of the think-tank or the Pentagon. Nixon, father of lies, was highly eclectic, though, with his 'containment' for covering up information and his 'I misspoke myself' (brilliant, surely) for his regular activity. Sir Harold Wilson is well-remembered as the political leader who said that you could not quantify an élan and also that we had a democratic choice (viz. to vote Labour) – *our* choice,

> not that of some City gentleman or some tired old accountant who cannot, any more than a Tory Chancellor, see beyond the flat two-dimensional limitation of his cost-benefit analysis.

The Vietnam war is already being seen as the mini-armageddon of evasions (there's jargon for you), with its pop, junk and lexicon of euphemisms like 'sterilise' (burn villages and vegetation and send people to concentration camps), 'aggression' (communist aggression), and Professor Fishel's 'I am not going to debate semantics with you' in response to a reasonable press request for clarification of some earlier jargon. Mr Hudson, like many socio-linguists, finds euphemism reprehensible in proportion to the horrors it seeks to hide or excuse. But what do we say about this admirable piece of plain prose (from a US fighting manual of World War II)?

> Eye-gouging: Best accomplished by placing a thumb on the inside of the eye-socket and to the nose and flicking the eyeball out towards the edge of the cheek.

No evasions there, but the prose has to be 'sinister' in that it resembles some life-saving instruction in a first-aid book. 'The language of mercy and of wickedness have become interchangeable.' They were always interchangeable. The mentality is one thing, the instrument it uses quite another. A knife can carve both butcher's and human flesh. 'Kill the Jews' and 'Kill cancer' are both good plain writing.

A 'profession' seems to be any organisation of specialists that uses language in a special way. But the smaller the claim of the profession, or near-profession, or would-be profession, to profess an exact discipline with a large subject-matter, the more it is likely either to invent a supererogatory lexis or to exploit the emotive possibilities of words. The devisers of American menus presumably regard themselves as kinds of professionals. Mr Hudson rightly calls certain menu items 'prose poems': 'Vanilla Ice

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Cream floating in a frosty goblet of old-fashioned root beer, topped with a blanket of whipped cream, chopped nuts and a cherry.' Reading that, we fear the worst. 'Butter-fried lean tender pork' is premonitory of a bit of rancid fat. As for the jargon of reviewers, we all have to plead guilty. Every month or so I am horrified to find, on a book jacket, that I have commended some mediocrity as vital, searing, razor-sharp or ruthlessly honest. Mr Hudson's book is, though not in the slightest bit mediocre, all of these things. It is also damnably expensive.

John Fuller

If and Perhaps and But

The Composition of 'Four Quartets' by HELEN GARDNER *Faber* £9.50

The strange fortunes of the *Waste Land* drafts, encouragingly 'marked' by a schoolmasterly *miglior fabbro* and supposedly lost for years, are now well known. John Hayward's treatment of the drafts of *Four Quartets* was more detailed, submissive and respectful, in keeping with his standing as Eliot's closest publishing associate (they were to share a flat for 11 years) and with his character as a learned bibliophile. Eliot had at last found his Warburton, and amusingly colluded in his own role of the collectable author who could share minor problems of literary craftsmanship with his inner circle of friends. Hayward had the drafts he received handsomely bound up (beginning with the first of the series thus annotated by Eliot: '"Burnt Norton"/ printer's copy,/ from the T. S. Eliot bequest/ to John Hayward Esq.'), and was rewarded by a particular acknowledgment of his 'improvements of phrase and construction' in the first complete edition of the work.

Dame Helen Gardner's book differs from Mrs Eliot's edition of the *Waste Land* MSS in that it is firmly designed (and rightly so, I believe) to be read *as* a book. Although the final text is printed in the body of it, together with an apparatus containing variants from typed drafts, MSS and early printings, it is clear that an edition of the poem is not what is primarily on offer. One's eye is first led to Dame Helen's commentary, which elucidates the process of composition and (more extensively) of textual emendation made in dutiful response to the comments of Eliot's friends ('That's a *good* criticism, Virginia'). The text is there for the convenience of reference from her narrative of this process, with the treated variants asterisked, and Dame Helen rehearses many fascinating questions of meaning and interpretation which are not directly raised by the MSS variants at all (many of which, it must be said, are tinkerings at a fairly late stage in composition). Her exegesis is comprehensive and scrupulous, and there is little in the background of which we are kept in ignorance, from the extraction of Eliot's teeth to the strange ecclesiastical company he kept ('surrounded by curates', in Leonard Woolf's phrase).

When sending Hayward the proof of *Four Quartets*, Eliot wrote that he was 'depressed by a certain imprecision of word and phrase, especially in Burnt Norton but also in East Coker', and added: 'my only solace is that I *do* think the writing improves toward the latter part of the book.' This equation of good writing with precision leads straight to the heart of the matter. Again and again the issues raised are those of avoidable ambiguities, verbal accuracy, appropriate diction and nuances of meaning. Hayward was in his element. When Eliot originally wrote 'haruspicate with sand', for instance, he pointed out that the right term for fortune-telling with sand was 'coscinomancy'. Eliot would have none of it (the music of the line depends on matching 'haruspicate' with 'horoscope') and wondered vaguely 'whether haruspicate with guts would do'. On another occasion Hayward objected to 'scorched and unemployable soil'. Eliot like 'unemployable' because he wanted to allude, as he put it, to 'derelict areas', but Hayward found the sound ugly. He was surely *not* being helpful when he suggested 'acarpous' as a substitute. In the end, the text reads 'parched eviscerate soil', which hardly avoids the pedantry to which the whole enterprise sometimes tended. This is the Eliot of 'If and Perhaps and But', and he needed someone unlike Hayward to tell him on occasion to snap out of it.

In fact, many such sensible comments did come from another friend and colleague, Geoffrey Faber. Faber mildly objected, for instance, to some of the slightly pompous expository phrases in 'The Dry Salvages' such as 'Now, the point is . . .', 'I have suggested also . . .' and 'We appreciate this better . . .', calling them (a useful phrase) 'lecture-stigmata'. Eliot responded to Faber's objections, but I would guess that there are many readers who feel that he did not respond enough. Faber admired the lyrical passages much more, and it is perhaps interesting to note that he must have embarked on his own imitation of the pseudo-sestina in 'The Dry Salvages' just a few months after its first appearance, but that his comments about it to Eliot don't appear to indicate the very great effect it had on him. His *Twelve Years* consists of seven poems of seven seven-line stanzas each, all rhyming across the stanzas in the way that Eliot appears to have invented. It is Eliotian in theme and manner, too, and although it is a considerable work, with moments of excellence, a reading of it will perhaps reassure any doubtful reader of Eliot's particular intelligence and suggestiveness.

For although *Four Quartets* fails as a theodicy (the first drafts of the 'dove descending' lyric, with elaborate conceits of high finance, are stupendously bad), it does survive clumsiness of philosophical tone and emerge with credit as a poem written in unhappiness with great dignity and beauty. Even the sort of lexical niggling that I have indicated above is an important sign of the care Eliot took to write with clarity about matters which can be far from clear to many readers. Plenitude and vacancy, unbeing and being, attachment and detachment: it is probably true, as Eliot wearily complains in the poem itself, that words are without real power to cope with this sort of material. The ideas begin to seem so consciously manipulated.

Care and manipulation were no doubt in any case particularly required of a work built upon a given structure (Dame Helen provides definitive evidence about intention and procedure in this aspect of the composition of the 'quadrologue' or 'tetralogy' as Hayward termed it) but it also seems to be a care felt to be necessary in this kind of guarded publicising of personal material. It *is* one of the most indirectly personal (and, sadly, undramatic) of Eliot's poems. Dame Helen has a very good phrase in her partial defence and explanation of the anti-humanist *After Strange Gods*: 'Its harshness of tone is that of a man at odds with his own recent past who, in his wretchedness, is hot for certainties.' This man was, a few years later, without doubt in a different mood, but it was the

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same man, tempered and ready to wield the steel of his experience in a larger context, ready to expose his roots and his religion in a public arena.

The reticent personal perspectives, the discretion about Anglicanism and the delicate consciousness of the war-time context are all indications of a poise and authority which has impressed and even moved readers of the poem, although the absence of really validating *examples* of experience somewhat detracts, to my mind, from Dame Helen's stress on the presence in the poem of the actual (why 'autumn weather' in 'Little Gidding'?: 'it *was* autumn'). One is, finally, thrown back on that speculative vein with which the work (in a rejected passage from *Murder in the Cathedral*) began, and which makes Eliot's once-intended epigraph from *Pickwick Papers* seem touchingly apt: 'What a rum thing time is, ain't it, Neddy?'

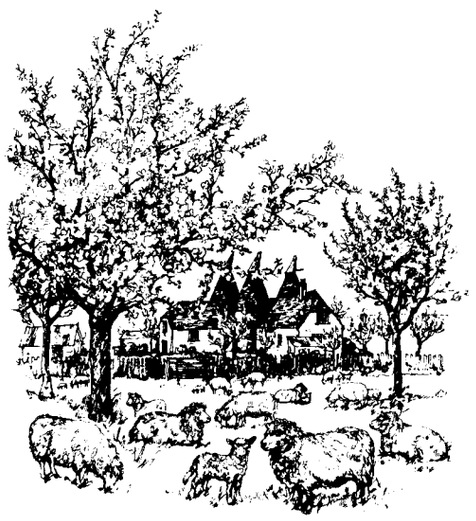
John Sturrock

In Consonance

The Proust Screenplay by HAROLD PINTER
Eyre Methuen £7

In *A la recherche du temps perdu* Proust is interestingly critical of what he terms 'a simple cinematographic vision'. His complaint against it is that we don't in real life see things in at all the way the cinema shows them to us. The cinema is seriously deceptive *because* it is simple: it is too purely optical. It may congratulate itself on exhibiting the world as it physically is, through the perfect transparence of the camera, but in fact it is much less than realistic. Seeing is only partly sensation – it is also recollection; and it was the living fact that memory so enriches perception which Proust found peculiarly valuable and consoling. The things we see are often memorials for us of precious moments of our personal history: 'The sight of the cover of a once-read book, for example, has, woven into the characters of its title, the rays of moonlight from some far-off summer's night.' Without nostalgia the world would have been for Proust a barren, hopeless place, and if there is a sovereign theme in his novel it is the inspiration to be drawn from this fuller, more truthful kind of seeing, which contradicts time by restoring the past to us as we look around at the present.

Was it perverse, then, to want to make that novel into a film, so translating a blessedly urgent, protracted vision into a coldly straightforward one? Probably. But Harold Pinter has made an extraordinarily good screenplay out of *A la recherche*, obedient to the very difficult architecture of the book and complete to a degree I would not have thought feasible. It took him a year of reading Proust, of writing and rewriting: this he says was 'the best year of my working life'. *The Proust Screenplay* has been thought out clearly and faithfully: it is a beautiful



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working-model in which Proust's million-and-a-half words have been brought lucidly down to 455 separate, seldom extensive shots.

As Pinter uses it, the film camera works brilliantly for Proust, and hardly ever against him. It is a more refined instrument now than it was when Proust deplored its clumsiness; it has learnt how to include associations along with perceptions, and to complicate its view of things by moving more freely in time and space. Pinter starts ideally, with a sequence of quick, miscellaneous images: of the yellow in a Vermeer painting, of a line of trees seen from a railway compartment, of the sea seen from a high window, of a Venetian palazzo, of the hotel dining-room in Balbec – all of them crucial, deeply emotive impressions whose value to the story can't properly be recognised until it is ended. The one sound to go with these silent, still pictures is the tinkling of the bell on the garden-gate at Combray – the clever, unhappy Swann has come to dinner and soon the narrator will set despairingly out on his literary life by writing a note to his mother to bring her upstairs, to comfort him. A film which gives us one thing to look at, and another – at first blush alien – one to hear, is absolutely in the spirit of Proust, for whom such private consonances were the highest form of human experience.

The Proust Screenplay is organised round two main and contrasting principles: one, a movement, chiefly narrative, towards disillusion, and the other, more intermittent, towards revelation, rising to where time that was lost is found, and fixed forever in art. The disillusion shows up more strongly than the revelation, and Pinter introduces it near the start, bringing on the guests at the Guermantes' postwar reception, which is the final, decisive scene of the novel, as a parade of grotesques, the great families of St-Germain in terminal decrepitude, gruesomely declined from the legendary presences they had once been in the narrator's idolatrous youth. And the screenplay harps on this process of initiation into a corrupt reality, as more and more of the previously conventional, idealised characters in the story turn out on longer acquaintance to be perverts. The contagion of lesbianism and of male homosexuality, which dominates the middle and end of the novel, dominates the film as a whole.

The revelation of the narrator's vocation to write a novel is not so obvious. Pinter has had to drop some of the characters, and all of the aesthetic arguments, that contribute so much to the future novelist's education. There is no Elstir for one, whose paintings are a vital lesson in the possible transformation of reality, and not even a bumptious Bloch or a Bergotte. The sense that art is taking a firmer and firmer hold as reality proves rotten is rather lost. But to have allowed it its due would have meant fatal disruptions to the narrative, and a much heavier weight of dialogue than the laconic Pinter could have tolerated.

For Proustians *The Proust Screenplay* is certainly a Proustian experience; it brings back the novel, and much more of the novel than it actually has time to display. What sort of experience it might be for those who don't know the novel is hard to say – a more confined one, for sure, and a little confusing, since the logic of the story is so often tacit. What is scandalous is that this is only a screenplay and not yet a film: the money has not been found for the director, Joseph Losey, to shoot it. By subsidy or investment, it must be.

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John Jones

How Idle Soever

The Correspondence of John Locke: Vol. III edited by E. S. de Beer *Oxford* £30

In one of those huge gestures of his, Hegel remarks that the writings of John Locke 'contain no trace of speculation'. He meant, of course, that the stuff is all Science in a low empirical sense and not *Wissenschaft*; it's all Opinion and Understanding and none of it Reason; it just isn't Philosophy.

Locke's letters aren't even meant to be Philosophy. But they are bursting with Science and Opinion. In the first two volumes, which appeared 18 months ago, medicine and education were already in evidence. Those were early letters, however, and most of them revolved round family and Somerset neighbours, and round Locke's time at Oxford as an undergraduate and young don. In Oxford he was subjected to the sodden medieval torpor of the university's intellectual habits. Then he made friends with Boyle and read Descartes – perhaps the two biggest steps in his mental life. And now Volume III brings the total to 1,241 letters, 2,300 pages and £80. Five more volumes are in preparation. But the letters are themselves only a part of the overall scheme designated the Clarendon Edition of the Works of John Locke, of which Peter Nidditch's edition of *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding* is already out. As Hegel would *not* have said, it makes you think.

The 800 pages of Volume III cover a mere four years, 1686 to 1690. Some of this time Locke was living in Holland, after being expelled from Oxford for supposed complicity in Shaftesbury's plotting, and some of the time in London. These letters don't hang together at all well. I had hoped to witness Locke's interests widening as the years passed into politics, religion, the law, press censorship, government finance – all of which engaged him in the aftermath of the 1688 Revolution. Great things may well be round the corner, in the last decade of the 17th century. Volume IV is promised for this autumn. But in the meantime the picture is too scrappy to be very instructive, or even entertaining. Indeed there was more fun talk about travel – 'jumbling up and down', Locke called it – in the first two volumes.

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The letters are most of them unresonant, even fusty. The donnish frame of mind hasn't (so far) been grown out of. And it isn't just that one gets little feel of a public world involving Locke and going on round him. For example, a love affair takes its course in these pages – but I had to turn back and reread in order to confirm my first impression that it had happened at all. One trouble is that many of the letters are by other people. Another is that there are a lot of loose ends – letters without answers, and answers to letters which are themselves lost. Frustration ensues. I make a partial exception of the letters written in Latin to foreigners. These are readable in both senses: they tend to be self-explanatory, and their Latin is educated and easy. If children started with these – or better still Erasmus's letters – instead of J. Caesar, classical studies might begin to look healthier.

Whatever the future holds, 1686 to 1690 are four momentous years. They cover the first two dissertations 'On Toleration', the 'Treatises of Government', and the *Essay* itself. We get a sideways glance at the *Essay* early in the present volume. Locke sends some of it to his 'dearest friend', Edward Clarke, who figures prominently throughout.

> I sent you lately a part of my reasonings *de intellectu humano*, which I hope came safe, for you know we are all concerned for our conceptions how idle soever.

That little aside isn't speculation in the Hegelian or any other sense, but it is true and also very appealing in its lack of false modesty. You have to be a great and likeable man to send a genuine-sounding 'how idle soever' in the wake of some of the most influential ideas in the entire history of philosophy.

Locke's human good sense – we are indeed all concerned for our conceptions – bears upon the fact that he is the least rigorous of thinkers. He would rather contradict himself than affront what he liked to call 'the plain fact'. Hence, alongside his lack of rigour, his public and practical impact. No philosopher has found so affirmative a response in the collective wisdom (or if you prefer, the vulgar opinion) of his fellow human beings.

Take property. In Locke's political theory property joins life and liberty in a trinity of values which cannot be undercut. It hadn't always been so. Slogans like 'A man may do what he likes with his own' aren't written in the sky but slip off the tongues of hundreds of millions of men, especially Americans, who are talking Locke without knowing it. But in medieval thinking you didn't have and own things in this Lockean way. Your land was yours to look after and hand on, not to do what you liked with. And in a remarkable passage in the *Summa Theologica* Aquinas says that a starving man may take his neighbour's bread – 'and that is not fraud or robbery'. Locke might well have declared it my Christian duty to give a starving man my bread, but he would never have allowed the right of property to be compromised.

So it hadn't always been like that. Nor is it going to stay like that. First the voice of French utopian socialism with its counter-slogan, 'Property is theft'. Then a flood of change in which the concept of property begins to lose what had seemed so quintessentially simple and hard-edged – so Lockean! – about it. Do I own my job? My pension rights? My privacy? The powerful marxist C. B. Macpherson has coined the phrase 'possessive individualism' in his discussion of these matters. For the rest of us, there's no harm in putting Locke's letters on a shelf with *Volpone* and *Robinson Crusoe*, and assimilating their undoubted fascination with property to the early history of capitalism. Locke is always talking about stuff – what things cost, how they are made, how they feel, how they last:

> I will have the best oiled camlet that is to be got, that will endure wetting and of a dark colour, not apt to stain; for I am past fashion and finery [he is 56] and am now only for things of use. The lining I would have of a very good shalloon, unless there be anything else lighter and as strong.

A less good read than Jonson and Defoe, but deliciously tangible and soaked in the me and mine which is the heart of property.

Stephen Wall

Tasting, Tasting

A View of Victorian Literature by GEOFFREY TILLOTSON *Oxford* £6.95

The late Geoffrey Tillotson did much to make 19th-century literature safe for scholars. At his death in 1969 he had written a large chunk of what was to be a two-volume work on the Victorian period. It's sad that he wasn't able to complete it, but what he did do has now been prepared for publication by his widow Kathleen Tillotson, herself an authority in the same field. The assembled chapters make up a fitting memorial to a much-respected academic – his commanding breadth of reference is everywhere visible – yet they inevitably suffer from the format of the series of which they were originally designed to be a part.

The Oxford History of English Literature is the sort of enterprise that seems to be the inevitable result of the prestige of the OUP imprint. If you have Oxford Standard Authors, Oxford English Texts, Oxford Books of this and that, Oxford Companions to the other, and of course the Oxford English Dictionary, then the case for a history of Eng. Lit. to complete the coverage appears self-evident. In practice, OHEL has turned out to be more often marmoreal than magisterial. The liveliness of C. S. Lewis's 16th-century volume has been the exception rather than the rule. Part of the trouble is that the series is addressed to the general reader, and it is no longer very clear who this person is. Part of the trouble has also been the post-war success of literary studies as a growth industry. Even allowing for the fact that this book was written in 1968-69, so much has been published on everybody worth writing on that it's as much as a man can do to keep up with a few chosen

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authors, let alone an entire period. The attempt to cover the whole of the waterfront is explicitly abandoned in one of the more recent instalments, J. I. M. Stewart's urbane *Eight Modern Authors*.

In taking on the years 1832-80, Professor Tillotson was nobly assuming an impossible task. You only have to run your eye down the list of the authors he does deal with to see the extent of the material – Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës, Mrs Gaskell, Trollope, Tennyson, Browning. Enough there to keep you going for a few long vacations. Most of these authors are intimidatingly voluminous – when Trollope admits in his autobiography that he was determined to excel in quantity if not in quality, it is Carlyle's output that he is proud to have exceeded. Even so, Tillotson's account of the mid-Victorian generation is incomplete; there would have been more chapters to come on Arnold, George Eliot, Ruskin, and perhaps on those minor figures (the Spasmodics for instance) whom nobody now reads except those hunting for a thesis topic, but whom literary historians have to know about.

It's not surprising therefore that, although what Tillotson had to say about individual authors was often judicious and always deeply grounded in his knowledge of the period's chinks and recesses as well as its main outlines, his assessments look fragmentary. His aim was to try to see the literary object 'as in itself it really was', but his patent humanity and disinterestedness are no substitute for adequate space. Dickens's oeuvre is not something that you can in any Arnoldian sense 'see' in the 40 pages which it is given here. Tillotson's treatment of Dickens's theatricality is typical in its truncation. There are some nice if mostly basic points, but no sustained discussion of a topic that dates back (as he reminds us) at least to Ruskin. The almost complete absence of reference to modern criticism throughout the book means that no notice is taken of a well-known modern study which develops the theme, Robert Garis's *The Dickens Theatre* (1965). Similarly, Trollope is described by Tillotson as 'a Walter Bagehot among mid-century novelists', but there's no mention of Asa Briggs's coupling of the two in *Victorian People* (1954). In the same chapter (30 pages for 47 novels) Tillotson lays it down that two of Trollope's novels, *Orley Farm* and *He Knew He Was Right*, are 'misconceived' because they deal with continuous and unrelieved mental stress. In the latter, what Tillotson objects to, Henry James thought a picture worthy of Balzac. Actually, James's general view of Trollope is compatible with Tillotson's, but there's no time to argue the individual case where their views diverge. The Brontë chapter works better because fewer novels means more time for the discussion of those particulars on which general views are based. Tillotson's sensitivity to Charlotte's feminism is sympathetic without being anachronistic.

The fact is, of course, that this sort of book cannot be written without making or assuming literary judgments. Tillotson does not dispense with criticism – he uses his knowledge of Victorian reviews and reviewers to illuminating effect – but he writes as if matters were still much as they were when George Saintsbury left them. As Donald Davie said of Lewis's OHEL volume, his taste 'is that of our grandfathers'. Like Saintsbury, Tillotson was an enthusiastic reader of Thackeray, and 'Thackerayan truth' is frequently invoked as a criterion. But the case for Thackeray is put less cogently here than it is in Tillotson's own full-length study (1954), partly because he has so much less space for illustration but also because he is driven by that lack of room to summary verdicts rather than reasoned arguments. Thackeray is said to be a great moralist, his simplicities to have a Shakespearean depth, and so on, but the clinching demonstrations are not laid on.

In their absence, the quality of generalisation becomes crucial, and the idiom in which they are sometimes couched seems remote:

> Whereas the author of *Men and Women* and *The Ring and the Book* presents us with a vast rambling Gothic building, strong as a fortress, if it were not for its looped and windowed raggedness, Tennyson presents us rather with a saloon of water-colours leading on to further saloons.

Nevertheless the horns of belle-lettrism heard faintly blowing in such a passage do not sound throughout. The chapter on earnestness and its importance for the early Victorians is put together with real energy. Earnestness was what the unquiet, wild, and chaotic times demanded and what the strident, farouche, and turbulent prose of Carlyle and Ruskin supplied. For both of them, as for so many others that they influenced, the 19th century was not like any other, and could not be exhorted in an inherited syntax. The chapter on Carlyle is probably the best in the book. Those who think – on the basis of a quick and appalled glance at *Sartor Resartus* or *Heroes and Hero-Worship* – that they are merely Caledonian codswallop, may be swayed by Tillotson's advocacy into finding Carlyle human after all. They will certainly understand better why George Eliot said that 'there is hardly a superior or active mind of this generation that has not been modified by Carlyle's writings'. This part at least of *A View of Victorian Literature* is touched by the intellectual excitement that exposés of his subject by an authority ought to communicate.

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Some Striking Truths

The Fifth Estate: Britain's Unions in the Seventies by ROBERT TAYLOR *Routledge & Kegan Paul* £7.50

This book represents a rare achievement. It is a clear, clear-headed, well-written, fair and factual account of the British trade union movement which pulls together a wide range of secondary material and spices it with interviews and reportage. Mr Taylor deserves our thanks and a paperback edition right away. He also deserves the gratitude of the unions, even though he is sometimes sharply critical of them (over their cavalier attitude to Soviet dissenters or on race – where he quotes one union boss admitting that 'It's the same with this as with so many other union matters – the bullshit beats the brains every time'). For Mr Taylor is sympathetically aware of the problems and weaknesses of the movement's leaders and their 'invariably apathetic, but often restive' members. And – like anyone who has bothered to find out – he knows that 'the fantasy world of brutish union bosses dictating what we read or where we work belongs to fiction writers in Fleet Street'. Common reviewing courtesy compels one to express the wish that the book will be widely influential & etc.

The reason why that would be merely pious, however, is that this fantasy world is inhabited by a large section of the population, not just by Fleet Street polemicists. We have, since Sorel, been well enough aware that any labour movement creates its own mythology, replete with martyrs and demons, from its long-dead past. But the phenomenon of anti-union mythology, though less examined, is altogether stronger. Union mythology may romanticise the Tolpuddle martyrs, the general strike, or Wal Hannington – all many decades behind us – but anti-union mythology is strong enough to incorporate the present. Only the most powerful corpus of superstitious belief can

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take well-established, public and contemporary facts and rework them so rapidly into its own rich fabric of falsity.

Take, for example, the great public clashes of the last decade. In the mid-1960s the typical form of British industrial action was the shop steward-led wildcat: 95 per cent of all strikes were unofficial and, on average, they lasted 2½ days and involved 300 workers. The fact that this strike record was far lower than that of many other countries; that it takes two sides to make a strike; that the resultant lost production paled into insignificance alongside that lost due to ill-health, accident or even the weather – all this was swept aside in a general hysteria which led both Labour and Tory governments to attempt legislation against 'unconstitutional strikes'. The term itself was an amazing inversion. (Almost alone, Enoch Powell kept his head and pointed out that it was the right not to be forced to work against one's will that was constitutionally basic in all but slave-owning societies.) Several years of mounting disruption and bitterness were necessary to teach Barbara Castle, Harold Wilson, Robert Carr and Edward Heath not a new or difficult truth but an old and simple one. The Donovan Report, in 1968, emphasised the folly of attempting to impose a legal straitjacket on the unions; but this was no more than what had been self-evident as long ago as 1911 even to Churchill (a Home Secretary widely regarded as free of pro-union bias):

> It is not good for trade unions that they should be brought into contact with the courts, and it is not good for the courts. Where class issues are involved, it is impossible to pretend that the courts command the same degree of general confidence.

But the myth had to be served. The final grotesque truth was that Castle and Carr sacrificed their careers in nonsensical attempts to exterminate a declining species. For even by 1968 the pattern of industrial action had begun to shift decisively. Strikes were bigger and larger and, more and more, they were official. This new wave culminated in the notorious miners' strikes of 1972 and 1974.

Already these confrontations are richly shrouded in myth. 1972, in particular, frightened the middle classes and left an enduring image of burly proletarians (the rough boys one had not been allowed to play with) utterly determined to secure their selfish sectional ends by *force majeure*. All was epitomised by the famous mass picket at Saltley where the forces of law and order were put to flight: an image of mob rule burnt on to the brain of a generation. The fact that the miners depended crucially on the solidarity of dockers, lorry-drivers and railwaymen, that the crowd at Saltley consisted of sympathetic engineering workers, that 1972 was an unparallelled demonstration of working-class loyalty and selflessness – was simply overlooked.

The great terror of 1972 led naturally to the great myth of 1974, when the miners 'brought down the government': the final, awesome demonstration of brutish power. Again, it matters not that the miners had no such end in mind; that they were opposed to the calling of an election; that Mrs Thatcher now proposes referenda rather than putting the government at risk in such a way. The unforgivable truth is – as we all *know* – that the Heath government believed it would win by a landslide and died by self-immolation.

The myth must be served, even if it devours its proponents. The latest wolves to the slaughter are the fringe of erstwhile Labour intellectuals – Taverne, Chalfont, Prentice, Levin, Paul Johnson *et al.* – who have become the polemicists of the Right against the (ludicrous) threat of trade union totalitarianism. 1972-74 was a clear crunch in the class war and the more ambivalent predictably jumped ship, eagerly ingratiating themselves with the crew of the Tory lifeboat with somewhat hysterical and garrulous accounts of their frightening experience. They are, effectively, still adrift, for their rescuers are deeply sceptical of such ideologues making good crew members. Moreover, there has been another major sea-change. Polemics born of battle-fright are poured forth in an era of unprecedented industrial peace. The unions are vilified as over-mighty when they have seldom been weaker. Since 1974 they have lost over the EEC, import controls, public expenditure cuts; have had to collaborate in their own defeat, with a (real) 2.2 million unemployed and falling real wages; and cling to Labour's skirts in the face of prolonged recession. No matter: the myth must be served.

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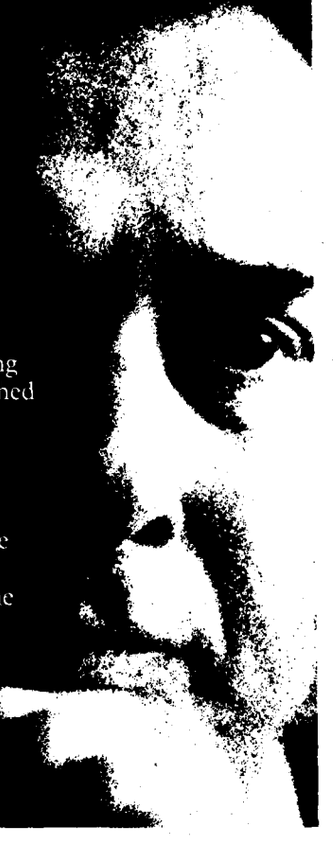

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Dr Edward Pygge

Turning On

The Visual Dictionary of Sex edited by ERIC J. TRIMMER *Macmillan* £9.95

To the amateur a book is, on the whole, nothing much more than a book – an object to be rather selfishly enjoyed, to be mastered with a certain lumpish élan, and then, once finished with, discarded. He is probably unaware that the fierce business in which he indulges, which he denotes by the vernacular term 'reading' (also 'skimming', 'flipping', 'skipping' and 'nosing'), is in fact a complicated and often delicate exercise, involving impulses and responses whose existence he scarcely acknowledges. To the full-time critic, on the other hand, the whole process – even though many regard it as a deeply personal matter, and not one into which the professional speculum ought lightly to be introduced – can, and indeed should, be analysed with the fullest thoroughness and the fullest sensitivity. Thus, the actual business of lection, as we pros call it, or 'reading', to keep the vulgar term, can be split into four stages.

1. Arousal. This phenomenon may be defined as the preliminary pleasure-response to a book. Tactile, ocular and olfactory stimuli are of vital importance. The book may be gazed at, touched and caressed in an often overt and shameless fashion. The delicate areas of the book may be explored by the fingers; the reader may sniff at it (a tired or musty odour will put off many readers); he may open it, address himself to a page, and then decide whether or not to 'turn on'. During *arousal*, an often exaggerated importance is attached to the appearance of the book; and also to the number of pictures it contains of women with no clothes on. Such pictures should not be too unsubtle, otherwise the effect of *illuminatio praecox* may be triggered off, after which the subject loses all interest for a while. Ideally, the book must appear to offer something to the mind as well as to the senses – to have depths as well as an attractive surface. The danger, at this point, is that the reader might over-romanticise his response.

2. Plateau Effect. This term denotes the constant level of arousal and interest which the reader habitually attains. It arises from confidence in his ability to sustain interest in the book, and a certainty that he will finish it. This psychological reassurance produces a relaxed, contented state of mind, and the reader is often heard to emit what we professionals term *pleasure-noises* (popularly referred to as 'grunts', 'murmurs' and 'chuckles'). At this stage the reader knows that he need not hurry things: he can even put the book down for a while if he wants to, certain that he will be able to take it up again easily. There may also be much shifting of the reading position at this time. It is important to stress that there is no single, 'correct' way to read: if you're comfortable with it, our rule goes, then do it: anything which makes you still want to 'turn on' is all right.

3. Climax. This is an extremely short period, marked by strong cardio-vascular upsurges, which occurs when the reader reaches the end of the book and, by the simple laws of printing, cannot go on any longer. Some cultures have developed elaborate techniques for deferring this moment, though we should caution against their employment, as they may result in damage to psychological health. Some people are worried about being fast readers; they are frightened of 'ending' – as the slang phrase has it – too soon. This usually comes right with practice; though in severe cases, consult a professional critic.

4. Resolution Phase. After 'ending', the level of excitement decreases: some readers even fall into a gentle sleep. This is quite normal, and should not be taken as any reflection on the book itself. Following this dormant period, many readers will find that they want to read the book all over again; this too is normal, though research suggests that the experience is always somewhat different if repeated immediately. Some people feel unaccountably depressed once their reading function has been fulfilled: this is a common condition termed *post-lectoral tristesse.* The *resolution phase* is also the time when larger decisions are usually made. Do you ever want to read this book again? Did you obtain it merely for a quick flip through? How much did you get out of it? Is it perhaps a book you would like to have near you all the time? At this point, honesty in critical relations is vital. You should always say precisely what you feel, even if the truth turns out to be hurtful. Begin with a compliment; thereafter, keep the tone friendly and straightforward. You might say, for instance: 'Dr Trimmer, I could tell as soon as I saw your name that you'd be a fine editor. I would thoroughly recommend you as a blind date. I'm sure you won't mind if I say you're a little solemn for my taste; but I'm certain that on the whole you will be an influence for good in the world. Nice meeting you!'

Among this week's contributors:

DAVID CAUTE's *The Great Fear* is to be published shortly by Secker & Warburg.

JOHN JONES is a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, where he lectures in English.

STEPHEN WALL was co-editor of *Essays in Criticism.*

DR EDWARD PYGGE was for a short time a trainee proof-reader at the Olympia Press, Paris.

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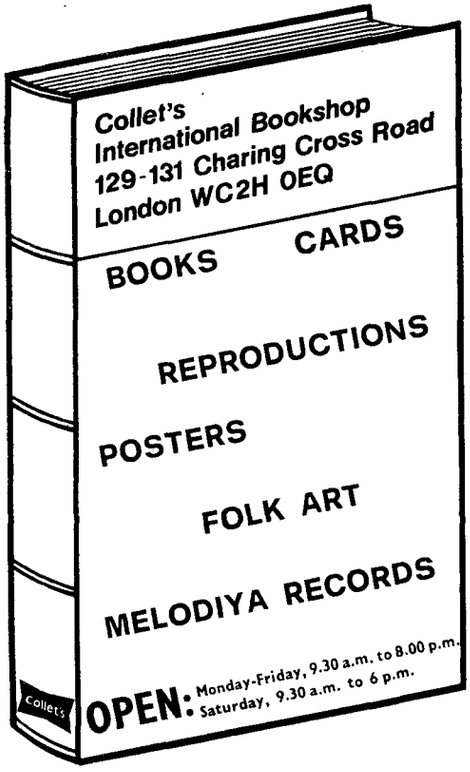

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Valentine Cunningham

We

The Face of Terror by EMANUEL LITVINOFF *Michael Joseph* £5.95
Whiskey Man by HOWELL RAINES *Secker & Warburg* £4.50
All the Tea in China by KYRIL BONFIGLIOLI *Secker & Warburg* £4.50

Three novels all, for once, seeing the old lady of fiction decently: that is, contentedly doing the traditional thing, just telling a story. With no oh-dear-yessing about it either. And who wouldn't ditch all pretend Forsterian coyness if he had imagined so intensely, as Emanuel Litvinoff has in this third volume of his excellent trilogy about socialism in Europe, the Russian Revolution's dive into the unimaginable?

Peter Piatkov, a top OGPU operative, and his mistress Lydia, an anarchist countess and Cheka agent turned publisher, have survived from the anti-Czarist days – with which the trilogy began – into the Thirties, intact, powerful, and in their own sight relatively moral. 'He had never killed out of malice.' But the winds they have so selflessly sown for the cause now rebound upon them in the Stalinist whirlwind of purge and torture. He who takes the sword shall perish by it? *Facilis descensus Averno*? Serves them right? The novel isn't so simple. There are, of course, ironies of come-uppance in the reversal of roles they undergo: terroriser turned terrorised, and warder prisoner. More telling still is the demonstrated alliance of left and right when it comes to the frighteners. Peter is briefly held by the Gestapo in Vienna; his interrogator and the medical sadist, he realises, are just like his chums back home. The reason, we're to conclude, for Nazi hostility – a Brownshirt spotted his absent foreskin – is only as ridiculous as the professed treacheries of Stalin's 'betrayers'.

Terrifyingly, no one is, nor is allowed to be, disinterested. Peter and Lydia are queered by a vindictive ex-colleague. Evil, it's shown, even Stalin's, needs human agents. The smiler with the knife under the cloak of History is your old comrade. But in case this humanisation – to which novels are naturally prone – should be even marginally consoling, hanging on to your humanity proves precisely a way of making things worse. In an attempt to shield a fellow-scribbler from an unmarxist gaffe in an introduction to *Macbeth*, Lydia only calls him to the censor's attention. Peter's loving action to stop her defecting after the Paris Writers' Congress only guarantees their subsequent downfall. He gets her to agree to confess to save her skin and promptly loses his own.

The Face of Terror grips relentlessly. The nuances of hellishness, sharp details of time and place, appearances on stage by real people like Ilya Ehrenberg: they're all cunningly managed. Just one of Litvinoff's memorably clamant voices from the underground, the displaced, unprintable poet Kuznetsky, is a man haunted by Zamyatin. So, aptly, is this novel. And without, I think, exaggeration, Litvinoff's trilogy can be thought of as standing alongside *We*, *1984*, *Darkness at Noon* and *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*: another unignorable account of what went wrong in Utopia.

Howell Raines, too, delves for his fiction among a violent people. Happy, Thirties America is a long way from Stalin's Russia. Violence isn't nearly so systematised in Northern Alabama. Tempers and temperament do run high, though, around narrator Brant Lafter, recent graduate and oddly knee-deep among the Bs (Blake, Bealey, B.B., Bluenose). They're a wild bunch, whom Prohibition doesn't help in civilising. Neither does FDR (with no time to stop in nowhere-places like Milo), nor the traditional neglect of the hillbillies by affluent, confederate Alabamans. Aggravatingly, Brant's girlfriend Blake is being snared by the enemy: she's keener on smooth McShan Scattersfield than on Brant, who just has to kick his smarmy ribs in. That's typical of how these people look for trouble – in brothels, on buses, prepared for a wrestle even at the graveside if the stiff was a contemptible enough sinner. And moonshine distiller Bluenose was: blasted to glory with both barrels on his own stoop by his unforgiving wife, abetted by Ozo the corpulent cop and egged on by Biblespouters. Encouraged above all by Hatton the Holy Roller, pastor and luster.

One of this energetic novel's most energetic scenes features Brother Hatton's revival, an intoxicating crescendo of sinner-threats ('Amen'; 'We ain't playin' now'; 'O, no'; 'Burning Hell – Ah'). Hatton's power is worrying because Judge, Sheriff and Constable all need the votes of his Bible-driven congregation. Characteristically, Brant's father B.B. feels he's a Samuel: to be punished for his son's sins. It's a tragic vision, but – like this most compelling novel – an obsessively enclosing one. No wonder Brant ups and quits town.

Circumcised like him, but much less circumspect than Litvinoff's Piatkov, Kyril Bonfiglioli's engagingly hoggish Dutchman Van Cleef appeals by appalling. Progressing rakishly from Holland to early Victorian London and thence to the China Seas, he rakes it in by dabbling in opium and using his mother's canniness about porcelain. Like the weakening self-consciousness of Auden's Truly Strong Man, this touch for fine *objects* is supposed to make all his brutishness condonable. It succeeds, but barely. Especially since *All the Tea in China* relishes the porcelain trade most when there are porny pics to be scraped clean of Ma Grundy's varnish on the pots' bottoms, and otherwise prefers slapping the reader's chops with the merely grisly: the stink of London's horse-shit, ponging for miles; the 'great slippery flap of flesh' that 'fell free' in a duel; the poxed peer: and, above all, the food. Forgivably, Bonfiglioli is also turned on by the vocabularly of grub; as, too, by the other words – *loo*, *junk*, *Hottentot*, and such – that he keeps annotating. He'll do. And so, for all its final dwindle into mere Robinson Crusoeism (pirates, mutiny, lions, cannibals), will his novel.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

The Divine Fist

Brand *Olivier*
The Homecoming *Garrick*
The Tempest *Stratford*

A good deal of scratching and fidgeting and sheer glazed gawping was going on in the seats around me at the National last week. Part of the reason was, no doubt, that *Brand* lasts nearly four hours and is rather less than action-packed, but part must also have been that its almost omnipresent hero is scarcely designed to appeal to the vaguely agnostic consensus that tends to swell upmarket first nights. 'All or nothing' is his evangelist's war-cry, and by 'all' he means the unflinching sacrifice of every thought, word and deed to a deity so fiercely demanding that it would not simply have obliged its Abraham to plunge the knife into its Isaac, but would probably have insisted on him dissecting the body afterwards. In the course of the evening Brand denounces fun, art, the claims of parents, wealth, democracy, liberalism, philanthropy, success, prestige, preferment, ecclesiastic ceremonial and the established church, and personally manages to renounce son, wife and, at the end, his own clerical calling. He is capable of delivering severe little sermons to starving peasants, who should of course be grateful that God is scouring their spirits with the gift of suffering, and of browbeating his spouse into giving away their dead boy's clothes, since to mope over them would be to demonstrate a lack of gladness at the buffetings of the divine fist. The purpose of life, for him and everyone else, is to reject it.

Yet there are reasons why the play should be resurrected rather than left festering in some theatrical apocrypha. One is that it is the overblown embryo of all Ibsen's subsequent work, the source of all those dramatic strivings and tusslings between truth and convention, integrity and compromise, the white-hot and the lukewarm. Another is that Ibsen himself isn't altogether to be identified with Brand: he knows that the great gap in his protagonist's philosophy is lack of love, and clinches the point in one of those arcane dénouements, part-triumph, part-destruction, in which he was to specialise later. Another is the outrageous but awesome size of the thing, the sheer grandeur of both play and part; and this, I fear, is where Christopher Morahan's production lets us down. The Arctic setting is heroic enough, all cracked and seething whites, sudden stabs of light, and spectral roarings and clangings from the very roof of the Olivier, whose massive resources have never been exploited more thrillingly before – but where is the hero to fill it? A Brand who perpetually flourished his arms and vowels would be vulgar and wrong; but Michael Bryant takes austerity beyond Crippsian extremes. He is stark, unvarying and monotonous, a human grindstone harshly cranking out the same emphases, the same feelings, whenever the handle is turned. We need a spiritual Tamburlaine, and we actually get a dour variation on the part Mr Bryant recently played in the Lyttelton: a Calvinist Lenin.

It is a pity and a puzzle, because Geoffrey Hill's adaptation gives him some marvellously sinewy, pliant verse to deliver. Consider, as a small instance, the Everyman version's denunciation of mechanical religion:

> All you want is the external:
> Then back home to your diurnal
> Drudgery, your gloom and vapours,
> With a soul that, like the body,
> Wears a garb of workday shoddy;
> Then the book of life is pressed
> At the bottom of a chest
> Till the feast comes round again.

That's decent enough, but how much more vivid and bruising is Mr Hill's assault on

> Pantomimes to send you home
> deafened, surfeited and dumb,
> fitted for the daily task,
> glad to put your souls away
> in camphor with your Sunday-best,
> ready for the next Day of Rest,
> unready for the Judgment Day.

As it is, those tongues which wrap themselves most satisfactorily round his cadences belong to supporting players: Patience Collier's grim miser, Nicholas Selby's smug Dean and, above all, Robert Stephens's slyboots Mayor. This part, like the others, is something of a caricature, a stunned guy all-too-easily destroyed by the flaming Brand; yet Mr Stephens manages to round out the character, successfully softening its crudities. Here's a trimmer, a wangler and a mediocrity, his ideal 'a nice in-between delicate shade of grey'. But here's also a public servant by no means lacking in human feeling and ordinary decency, and perfectly genuine in his belief that by pursuing his private interests he can promote the general good. Insensitivity isn't often mapped out with such sensitivity, nor lack of imagination portrayed so imaginatively; and the result is as deft a piece of moral reclamation as the shy, well-meaning Pastor Manders that Mr Stephens gave us three years ago.

Is *The Homecoming* Pinter's finest play? Certainly it's his most characteristic and complete, a zoologist's report from the badlands of north London, where life is a barely camouflaged battle for power and sexual supremacy; and Kevin Billington's production misses little of its fly-blown wit and below-the-belt observation. Timothy West is the old paterfamilias, a fat yellowing spider crouched balefully at the play's centre: Michael Kitchen is stealthy and mocking as the household pimp; and Gemma Jones plays the girl they welcome as a daughter-in-law, only to put 'on the game'. That part was, of course, originally created by Vivien Merchant, and some may think that Miss Jones's cool, provocative disdain isn't an adequate alternative to the former's slinky eroticism. Perhaps it isn't, altogether; but she makes it easier to credit what's surely the truth of the situation, that the character allows herself to be exploited in order to achieve control, and ends up the indisputable queen of the wasp-nest. A gruesome vision, a tantalising and fascinating play.

The Ariel in Clifford Williams's *Tempest* is a solid blond blood in white linen, an all-English cricket captain whose fey talk of 'tripping on his toe' and 'being here with mop and moe' sounds distinctly improbable; his fellow-spirits are the aliens from *Close Encounters* as they might have been reinvented by Charles Addams, and the goddesses are overdressed county matrons with plush auburn hair-dos; so I might go on, randomly chronicling the oddities of what is, by any standards, a pretty uneven and inconsistently acted production. Best, perhaps, to recall its strengths, which include David Suchet's idealised Caliban, Richard Griffiths's deadpan Trinculo, and Michael Horden's peppery Prospero. So angry and bitter is this master-magician at past betrayals that you feel he might just end by taking vengeance instead of offering forgiveness. Of course, he can't and doesn't; but at least he convinces you that the final reconciliation is close-run, hard-won, and hence of considerable import. And of how many of Mr Hordern's theatrical predecessors can you claim that?

Sport

Russell Davies

Speed Kills

The BBC's 'Goal of the Season' competition this year is not so full of marvels that one can point to it and whistle admiringly, 'Phew! What a season! (And Mot-man says there's more to come!)' But there is one goal in it that does demonstrate the new spirit we've all convinced ourselves we can see in British soccer. Appropriately enough, it is a Nottingham Forest goal, and it will probably come out top of the BBC's list, if only because it makes such good TV. Archie Gemmill, back in defence, shovels the ball up the left wing and the camera follows it, leaving Archie, one presumes, to contemplate the outcome of his enterprise while coming to a gradual halt in the sticky mud of midfield. But no: as Withe takes the ball on towards the left-wing corner, Gemmill comes beetling into the picture again, crossing its vast, unpopulated foreground on blurred legs. He arrives in the penalty area

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just in time to slither Withe's cross in near the far post.

It is the standard goal taken 'on the break', in a sense, and any team could probably have done something like it, given the kind of foolhardy opponents who push up so far that they leave a whole quarter of the pitch unguarded. But the emblematic quality of the move is that it reflects Forest's general policy of treating *all* attacks as though they were 'breakaways'. The essence of this plan is that rather than wasting time 'building up' in midfield, you carry the ball through that area as fast as your legs will carry you. Ideally, you should be going full tilt when you cross the half-way line – and Gemmill generally is. (So is the full-back, Anderson, when required.) In this way, you find yourself approaching a defence which is dashing in the same direction as you are, and hasn't time to turn and face you; so if you time your pass right (as Gemmill did in Forest's memorable goals at Old Trafford) you can give the impression, even when the defensive cover is there in numbers, that there simply isn't any defence at all.

This is one of the happy ways in which speed is returning to British football. A player actually running as fast as he can had become a rare sight in recent seasons, in internationals especially. One never saw an England player sprinting at all, unless he was haring vainly back towards his own goal in pursuit of the nippy East European striker who had just dispossessed him. Fortunately, that has begun to change. England's attacking play still too often features the defender who, 'going forward', stops on the half-way line, puts his foot on the ball, scratches his head, adjusts his chewing-gum, and then hoofs over a great long looping gift cross to the visitors' defence. But we are beginning to learn that running forward with the ball at great speed is not against the rules. The Brazil game was a wonderful tonic to us in this respect. We suddenly had it proved to us that we do have the skill to make top international defences play ugly, provided we run at them in the real expectation of getting through. The Brazilian fouls looked all the nastier because, as often as not, our men were moving at speed when the chop came in.

Barnes must take a lot of credit for inspiring the new confidence. His peculiar hurtling style, like supercharged skipping, conceals an art surprisingly similar to Stanley Matthews's: he runs, that is, in more or less straight lines with little distracting frills on them. Barnes doesn't waste time sending a defender one way and swerving the other. After his minimal feint, he simply carries on running through the place where the defender has just moved from. That is why so many of his runs make him look like a man squeezing down a human corridor. The margins are very small. The only time Barnes comes unstuck, in fact, is when he sends a full-back of the denser species both ways at once, which leaves the fellow either sitting or standing on the spot perplexedly scratching his head, adjusting his chewing-gum etc. Barnes, inevitably, runs straight into him. Presumably this is what the referee thought had occurred in the Brazil match, when the rest of Europe saw Barnes buffeted crudely off the ball by a player who had no interest in collecting it himself.

The 'issues' of the season, as I write, have mostly been decided, and I am rather staggered and dismayed by the thought that my local team, Cambridge United, will soon be entertaining the likes of West Ham. It now only remains for Ipswich to win the Cup, with a performance by Mariner that will ensure that he spends the next few international seasons under the Greenwood tree, where he (and not Latchford) ultimately belongs.

Television

Julian Barnes

Missed Tackles

De Gaulle on television, a wooden-shouldered, frozen-elbowed marionette; the Bourse on fire, a grand symbolic gesture which petered out when the students went home to bed; the CRS, like Cocteau's Furies, plying their batons democratically; the Billancourt strikers, having locked out the management, deciding to lock out the students as well; the student poster committee agreeing which of the day's productions to pass on, via two other committees, to a final, distribution committee. These grainy monochrome images of May 1968 already have a seductive resonance, already seem to insist that *les événements* made up a coherent, shaped political happening. How far they actually did – as opposed to merely cohering in a television archive – failed to detach itself very usefully from *Days of Revolution* (BBC-1), David Jessel's return to the scene of his first TV assignment. It's partly that Jessel's antipathy to the Left made him happy to leave the student

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leaders' convictions at '1,000 different visions of the future'; partly, too, that his preference for phrases over ideas doesn't always help tease out the truth. The two handicaps came together in his comment on the Odéon occupation: 'A night at the opera,' he quipped (and couldn't you just see where his smart tongue was taking him?), 'starring that least amusing of the Marx Brothers, Karl.'

To be sure, Jessel interviewed a now long-haired and agreeable Daniel Cohn-Bendit; but we didn't learn much about the '1,000 different visions', about the breadth, depth and solidarity of student support, about what happened outside Paris. But then, Jessel's blanket exculpation was, 'Ideas defy celluloid' (who said so?). And why go into ideas when you can have a pretty shot of the Pompidou Centre, background tubas oompahing in a musical pun on the bellying pipes of the design, and a foreground line like 'the Pompidou Arts Centre trumpets out the proud assurance of a society which has put away the childish things of '68'? Childish from whose point of view? Edgar Pisani, a former Gaullist minister, when asked what had become of the children of 1968, pursed his lips in benign contempt and murmured simply, 'Bourgeois.' And what of the TV reporters of 1968?

'Oh, and it's Pearson, put through by Greenhoff . . . Jones is after it . . . Shot . . . GOAL!!!' Who could tire of that magic litany, and the surging goal it accompanies, which since September have introduced the Sunday afternoon happy hour of 2.15-3.15? Brian Moore, in the last *Big Match* (LWT) of the season, stressed, as ever, the good fellowship of the game and the warm loyalty of spectators. Jimmy Hill, hosting the last *Match of the Day* (BBC-1), offered us more of the game's raw bad temper, and some of the traditional crowd chants: the rolling waves of 'U-NI-TED . . . SHIT . . . U-NI-TED . . . SHIT', plus a final chorus of 'You're a bastard, you're a bastard, you're a bastard, refereeee' to the tune of *Clementine*. The sport's bounding mawkishness was left, for once, not to Motson but to John Pratt of lucky Spurs: 'I've got a lille boy an inna future e's gonna read in books that is dad wen straigh dahn an then wen straigh up.'

Also nearing the end of a season of missed tackles is *Read All About It* (BBC-1), on which this column has kept an avuncular watch. Last week, the panellist clearly booked to lift the Erin Pizzey award for critical ingenuousness was Clare Francis, whose qualification for reviewing books is that she's sailed all the way round the world. How delightful, then, that she turned out to be a modest, intelligent and careful reader; and what could possibly go wrong with the rest of the panel (one-third of which was Simon Gray)? What could go wrong was Dr David Wilson, Director of the British Museum, who pulled the rug from under Ronald Harwood with a fancy display of earnest self-content worthy of a censorious provincial mobile librarian. 'When I got this I thought, Oh God not another women's lib book,' was his opening comment on Vera Brittain's *Testament of Youth* (which he'd obviously never heard of). And 'I found it frankly distasteful' was the start of his attack on Isherwood's *Christopher and His Kind*. I mean to say, we all know that homosexuals exist (and we don't much like it), but do the buggers have to thrust it down our throats? The memoirs were 'unsavoury' (twice), 'arrogant, eccentric, egocentric and really rather nasty'. Perhaps it's lucky for the British Library that they've come out from under the British Museum; otherwise they might have found they wouldn't be stocking the invaluable autobiography of one of our premier novelists. 'Oh no, we don't keep *that* one, sir. Try the rubber goods shop over the road.'

On the trail of good clean heterosexual filth, I tuned in hopefully at midnight on Saturday for *Executive Suite – The Porno Play* ('Yvonne becomes involved in an ugly showdown with her producer husband over the re-issue of a pornographic film she once made'). Instead, I ran into an LWT pilot of *The People Show*, a late-night gossip programme with the unlikely line-up of Russell Harty, Janeh Sree-Pawer, Clive James and Andrew Alexander. Despite Harty's nervously ironic promise to dispense 'fun and joy and desperate offensiveness', the occasion was lively, varied and funny. Short film reports alternated with studio chat – about Soviet newspapers, ticket touts, Bennett's night-club, Robert Stigwood, the Wilson honours, *Ritz* magazine, Bruce Forsyth, and so on. Harty looked to have more range than we'd suspected; Janet (actually scoring the passmark of 50 per cent for her *ts* in 'social nonennities') seemed, I was shocked to note, quite endearing; and James had the best crack of the night with his description of Forsyth dancing – he was 'all over the stage like a squash-ball in heat'. A few lines like that each week, and *The People Show* might be the answer for many a slumped, button-punching Saturday-night drunkard.

This English

Annoyingly, some words do sound rather like other words, don't they? Sometimes they sound exactly like other words (Toynbee), sometimes they sound quite like other words (Baruch and Treacher), and sometimes the writer wants them to sound like other words so much that he actually monkeys with the spelling to compound his solecism (NFT Programme). We close with a snap tautology and a nob's relative pronoun. £3 for the first entry, £2 for others printed. Entries on a postcard.

☐ Although the actual arguments are a little *jéjeune*, the staging of the mass scenes like the Nazi rally in Trafalgar Square . . . are a splendid tribute to the power of imagination and enterprise over limited resources. **NFT Programme** (Paul Vaughan)

☐ It should be said that this impressive martialling of evidence does not always make for the most lively kind of historical reading . . . **Philip Toynbee** *The Observer* (H. R. Saunders)

☐ There are other factors which mitigate against successful treatment. **Geoffrey Baruch** and **Andrew Treacher** *New Society* (H. Sand)

☐ He can take you through the steps of the Hustle, the Funky Robot, the Bump and (a new innovation) the Spank. **Ian Jack** *Sunday Times* (Michael Gloster)

☐ But in [F. R. Leavis's] unyielding contempt for those (many) of his colleagues whom he felt had betrayed the ideal, he had something of Coriolanus about him. **Simon Gray** *The Observer* (K. Edinborough)

Art

John Spurling

Carceri

Piranesi *Hayward Gallery*

Nollekens' striking bust of Piranesi presides over the bicentenary exhibition. The massive, fleshy head has a distinct look of Mussolini, though the mouth, eyebrows and forehead suggest a sensitive, mobile maturity foreign to the Duce. It is difficult to react to Piranesi's work with unclouded art-historical judgment. John Wilton-Ely, who has selected and catalogued the exhibition and is the author of *The Mind and Art of Giovanni Battista Piranesi* (Thames and Hudson, £20), presents him 'as a seminal figure of the Enlightenment', but his visions of Megalopolis and his nationalistic fervour for the Grandeur that was Rome have put on sinister overtones.

Son of a master-builder, trained as an architect, hydraulics engineer and stage-designer in his native Venice, the 20-year-old Piranesi migrated to Rome at an unfortunate moment: a building boom was just coming to an end. Three years later, in 1743, he published his first book of etchings, the *Prima Parte di Architture e Prospettive*, in which he demonstrated what an imaginative architect might do by combining fantasy with the study of Roman ruins. Etching was to be his art from then on and the only architectural scheme he ever put into practice was the alteration of the priory church of the Knights of Malta. But he was no ordinary architect *manqué*. Suppose Michelangelo never to have been let near a block of marble or Cézanne denied colours and you have some idea of the force at work on the surface of Piranesi's copper plates.

Having seen off the rest of the architectural profession in his *Prima Parte*, Piranesi next published (after a brief return to Venice where he absorbed the fluent, airy influence of Tiepolo) the first set of his imaginary prisons. To compare this 'intensely private work', as Wilton-Ely calls it, with the second set, published 15 years later, is to see the difference between the young would-be architect sublimating his frustration and the mature artist throwing his weight about in a medium which until then might have been thought incapable of bearing it. The first versions, done in light, feathery strokes, with patches of smoke here and there, aerial walkways and loosely dangling ropes, have a cobwebby,

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capricious air – they are prisons which convey a sense of release, as if the imagination were rising up towards the light. The second versions, with their heavy tonal contrasts and immensely solidified structures, are physically oppressive: the eye makes its labyrinthine way up stairways, through arches and round pillars, only to return dazed to the bottom, as if the spectator were himself the newly-arrived prisoner, dumped without hope of escape on the stone floor. Where in the first versions the figures are small and vague – mere visitors perhaps exploring the spaces – in the second versions they are larger and grimly involved in the building's purpose, either as victims or torturers. Piranesi has added besides chains, iron rings and huge instruments of torture. Both versions are displayed complete in the exhibition and Wilton-Ely's book contains splendid full-page illustrations of the whole second set.

For the spectator the change between the two versions of the *Carceri* inevitably appears as emotional, but for Piranesi it was at least partly technical. Having begun to make a living, as many others did, out of selling etched views of Rome to Grand Tourists, he soon found that he could channel through these *vedute* both his powerful urge to create architectural forms and his developing passion for Roman antiquities. The *Carceri* may be his best known works, but the 135 large *Vedute di Roma* (all reproduced full-page in Wilton-Ely's book), which he published at intervals during the rest of his career, are his masterpieces. Depth, light, relief, the contrasts of stone- and brick-work in all stages of decay with the vegetation taking hold of them, antiquarians busy among the ruins, elaborate carriages and pedestrians in the *piazze*, statues, trophies, fountains, busts, market-stalls: there is no end to the variety of effects Piranesi can discover and depict in a Rome which became for him a fusion of the real and the ideal.

Wilton-Ely, conducting his own sober, rather stolid campaign for a more balanced assessment of Piranesi, is anxious to play down the over-exposed *Carceri*. To this end his exhibition, like his book, gives considerable space to other aspects of Piranesi's activity: his archaeological researches, his designs for furniture and interior decoration, his restoration and sale of antiques, and his two architectural commissions, one of which was aborted. But however much of a modernist Piranesi may have been in his own time, however much influence he may have had on the taste of the next generation – in this country in particular on Robert Adam and Sir John Soane – it is the *Carceri* and the *Vedute* which keep him still a man of our time, and this in a most equivocal way. What about those prisons and those dominating ruins, peopled by lively but insignificant figures in modern (for Piranesi) dress? They can certainly be read as images of tyrannical power to which the artist wholeheartedly lends his incredible skill and through which he satisfies his own desire for that kind of power. Coleridge, on the other hand, saw Piranesi as the occupant of his own prisons. Wilton-Ely's book, in spite of its authoritative title, takes too cautiously objective a view of Piranesi's mind to provide an answer. Mussolini or the Beethoven of *Fidelio*? It's perhaps some measure of Piranesi's originality to suggest that a version of either should have died in 1778.

Films

John Coleman

Choke Over

Full Circle (AA) *Plaza 1*
The American Friend (A) *Gate Two Cinema*
Iphigenia (A) *Studio 3; Odeon, Chelsea*

Richard Loncraine, now 31, has a more than respectable TV pedigree; he made a goodish in-and-out documentary short on disc jockeys, *Radio Wonderful*, and – in 1974 – his first cinema feature, *Flame*, the admonitory tale of the manipulation of a pop group (in fact, Slade), falling a little short of the two Ray Connolly-scripted films, *That'll Be the Day* and *Stardust*, in its sense of exact period and sharpness of dialogue, but picking up virtue from its amateur actors (Slade) and its packaging pros (Johnny Shannon, Tom Conti): young Loncraine managed to handle their different degrees of awareness of camera so that one hardly noticed the splice. Now we have his second feature, *Full Circle*, 'an entirely independent British film', largely financed by Canadian money and made at breakneck speed between 8 November and 31 December 1976. Distribution had to be arranged by its producer, Peter Fetterman: in short, the piece – which gave several home talents their first chance on a feature: Peter Hannan, cinematographer; Colin Towns, composer; Brian Morris, art director – underwent the sort of birth and delivery pains more appropriate to an elephant but par for the course in anything gestated by our domestic industry. It is bad luck that it has hung fire for so long, because meanwhile we have had such spin-offs from *The Exorcist* as the Franco-Canadian rubbish, *Cathy's Curse*, and that Robert Wise concoction, *Audrey Rose*, which sank. Dead daughters, possession, distraught mothers, disbelieving dads: the cycle is surely punctured beyond redemption by now.

Full Circle is peculiarly irritating in that it is not very good and tells us little about Mr Loncraine's potential. Mostly, it suffers from Dave Humphries's inert script, which not even Tom Conti cawing away as a sympathetic antique dealer and a couple of cameos from Edward Hardwicke and Robin Gammell as a queer piano salesman and a drunk bohemian respectively can do much to redeem. That wan in a thousand, Mia Farrow, is once again asked to do her waifish, elegant hysteric. She is Julia, whose daughter chokes to death over a breakfast apple as openers: seizing a knife, mum attempts an impromptu tracheotomy and, from then on, is traumatised by the sight of blood. The unpursuable story has Julia leaving her husband (Keir Dullea), buying a house in Kensington which turns out to be sort of haunted, finding herself caught up in a wild ghost's chase that hinges on the nasty murder of a German boy in Holland Park back in 1938, tracking down the insane mother of the girl-ringleader of the band of kids who lent themselves to this beastliness, ending up herself with slit throat in a long-held freeze screen right. Among several inconsistencies – and Loncraine's sometimes inventive generation of suspense, via a cymballing toy clown (the last murder or suicide weapon?), wilful radiators and a busy score, fails to override them – the connection between that wicked Holland Park girl, also choked to death, and Julia's daughter is never established. Unless, that is, it is intended simply as a product of Julia's guilty imaginings. But, in *that* case, what to make of the sheer weight of evidence – a horror-struck medium, a couple of new deaths, other crucial items – unbalancing the scales in favour of evil revenants? Read it how you will, it refuses to add up.

Wim Wenders, on his own admission, was brought up on the American cinema and yet manifests a very 'new' German sensibility: the somehow *concussed* tenor of *The Goalkeeper's Fear of the Penalty* – a deliberate failure to allow the spectator to make expected connections and this parleyed through the dislocated actions of a protagonist – is even more evident in *The American Friend*, his wayward version of Patricia Highsmith's novel, *Ripley's Game*. Highsmith on screen will be best known, of course, through Hitchcock's *Strangers on a Train;* and there are none too meaningful links with that classic in the Wenders – trains, to begin with, and a fellow incited to commit impersonal murders against his will and nature. Given this, the recurring emphasis on such ocular devices as a praxinoscope, TV screens monitoring a Paris métro station, little visual toys exchanged as gifts, *and* the casting of directors (Nick Ray, Sam Fuller, Dennis Hopper, Gérard Blain, Peter Lilien-

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thal and Jean Eustache) in roles ranging from exiguous to major, those who regard the appurtenances of a movie as an excuse for exegetic self-display will no doubt be putting their best foot forward, if only into their mouths. That I thought the occasion opaque beyond the call of art does not mean it is without merit. Wenders here weaves an 'existential' web, trapping a framemaker, Zimmerman (Bruno Ganz), probably dying of leukaemia and resident in Hamburg, cowboy-hatted Ripley (Hopper), a smiley Yank dealer in forged paintings, and Raoul (Blain) as the enigmatic Parisian who needs an anonymous assassin and settles on Zimmerman, using money and a visit to the American Hospital in Paris ('It's famous – Onassis died there') as bait. There are powerful sequences, not least a clumsy pair of killings on a train, and Wenders has the strength to establish his three cities – Hamburg, Paris, New York – without recourse to cliché images: Robby Müller is his excellent photographer. One is old-fashioned enough, however, to expect more than a jerky exercise in atmospherics, yet another join-the-dots-if-you-can-spot-them puzzle, from a director as acclaimed in certain circles as Wim Wenders. Planned it may have been: lazy it feels. Michael Cacoyannis's free-form *Iphigenia*, Euripides opened out, can wait until next week.

Planning

Leo Plendello

On the Bone

Are you a fan of *Diplodocus Carnegii*, all 84 feet nine of him? Does the fate of *Tyrannosaurus Rex*, largest of the flesh-eating monsters, or the last resting-place of our very own graminivorous *Cetiosaurus Leedsi* touch you to the quick? More generally, do you love (but rarely visit) the Natural History Museum, that colourful apparition on the Cromwell Road? If so, you should pay a pilgrimage quickly. For if what the Trustees and the Department of the Environment have in store for the museum comes to pass, these friendly old dinosaurs will be banished to niches in the entrance hall, where their scale will be lost; and their gallery, along with nearly a quarter of Alfred Waterhouse's original building, will shortly be swept away in favour of six bland storeys of 'infill' and a restaurant on top.

In substance, the present proposal is similar to a somewhat smaller scheme put forward 18 months ago. Very few people knew about it then, and even now the extraordinary thing is that it may slip through quietly and quickly. Anomalously, the NHM, though listed Grade 1 and therefore regarded by the DoE itself as in the top one per cent of our buildings, is not properly protected at all. In the case of a proposal for a government building such as this, all local authorities may do is to offer their opinions to the DoE, which – being appellant and judge in its own case – may (and often does) ignore such representations. The Department recently had its nose bloodied by the reaction to its scheme to tinker with Chiswick House, so it may try to dig in its heels this time, especially since its clients here are powerful museum trustees who will not want to see hard-won capital expenditure snatched away from them at the eleventh hour.

This is serious, as what is now proposed for the NHM is far rasher and more drastic than anything attempted at Chiswick. There are two main evils, one of which would not be hard to remedy. The new extension is to fill the east wing immediately behind the front, and as at present proposed will from some angles show behind Waterhouse's terracotta front.

Far graver are the implications for the museum interior. Waterhouse's building was in itself designed as an educational exhibit (hence the naturalistic reliefs and other motifs incorporated throughout), with spaces large and open enough to permit varied use. The dinosaur gallery, for instance, was first filled with fossils and suchlike, but monsters have happily supplanted molluscs without structural alterations. In this way the whole of the original museum remained essentially intact until recently, and most of it was visible. Now, however, things have changed. Two of the four long front galleries have been or are being altered; the western trio of single-storey galleries parallel to the central hall are completely obscured, two having been carved up last year for the new permanent exhibition on Human Biology; and now, those on the east are to be destroyed for the new 'infill'.

All this, the Trustees would argue, merely shows that they are doing their duty by updating and expanding their displays in the light of new techniques. It is certainly true that visitors, notably the children for whom the museum has to cater in ever-increasing numbers, no longer like just to peer into rows of sober showcases. But the NHM's disregard for past wisdom in favour of the vogue for superficial display is becoming so cavalier that its intentions amount now practically to vandalism. Of the brave new future envisaged, we read in advance publicity:

> in time, almost all the exhibits in the public galleries will be replaced by, or redisplayed as part of, new learn-and-enjoy exhibits on themes of ecology, evolution and diversity, life processes and behaviour, and Man.

A foretaste of what this means is offered by Human Biology, which has now been open for nearly a year. Amid the kind of trunking and partitioning more properly the adjunct of temporary exhibitions, one finds all the fun of the amusement arcade: levers to pull, peepshows to watch, blinking lights and distorting mirrors, with never a fuddy-duddy permanent exhibit of the type that a child might consider, absorb, or question. It is popular at present, but you do not need much foresight to predict that in ten years' time it will be tattier and more dated than the dustiest of the old showcases (many of the warders are already thoroughly bored with it). To make room for these gimmicks, not only has the structure been cut up, but the whole fish collection has been cast into outer darkness. 'Fish?' they echoed at the enquiry desk. 'They're all in the basement, but we know of no future plans to show them.'

When a national museum displaces a section of its permanent collections in this way, it can hardly expect unequivocal support for its programme of expansion. The same crude approach seems to characterise official attitudes to the structure of the museum as to the collections. But were the Trustees to acknowledge some responsibility or sympathy towards it, they would grasp that Waterhouse's building is one of their best assets and would plan their additions accordingly. Have alternative sites been seriously gone into? One doubts it. The backs of all the South Kensington museums are impenetrable jungles, but the NHM is luckier than most in having open space in at least two positions, north and west round the Whale Hall, and due west, at the back of the small underused garden looking on to Queen's Gate. Either site could with imagination be used for an extension ideal for the types of display techniques currently in favour, which might act as a foil for tried and trusted methods in the Waterhouse building. If the Trustees persist in their intentions, the least the DoE can do for such an important building is to call a public inquiry. At present, by conniving in the NHM's attempt to wipe out all the older types of display and to cut up most of the museum, the DoE may well be helping to throw out both baby and bathwater. For, as a warder remarked: 'There are only two really good shows left now – the dinosaurs and the whales. The dinosaurs are going soon; when they get rid of the whales, it'll be time to go.'

Weekend Competition

No 2513 **Set by Dan Drough**

Another in our series of poetical updatings: rewrite any well-known poem (or passage) of Donne in the style of Sir John Betjeman. Up to 16 lines; by 19 May.

Result of No 2510 **Set by Snubbin**

We asked you to apply the biographical technique of breathless triviality – exemplified in Patrick Cosgrave's recent tribute to Mrs Thatcher – to other British politicians.

Report **by Fatboy**

Pushed for space and cash this week: five Newtons apiece, and like it.

Openly derisive of the plethora of perfumery ('As many pongs as policies') that is yet so ineffectual in off-setting Lord Beaconsfield's notorious halitosis, Mr Gladstone confines his repertoire of male toiletries to the few trusties that have stood him in fragrant stead through fifty rough-and-tumble politicking years. 'Midlothian' for the actual hustings has that slightly abrasive heathery huskiness so irresistible to the nonconformist conscience, while for his West End social work, W. E. favours 'Midnight in Piccadilly', fusing as it does in one formidable essence passionate

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commitment with true *noli-me-tangere* austerity. 'My mission is to pacify Ireland' he orated when we first met (he says the same to everybody) matching the thought to the deed by hacking away ferociously at an old tree stump. As he plied the axe, I caught an unmistakable whiff of 'Hawarden', an under-arm deodorant guaranteed to seal even the most actively over-compensatory sweat-glands. No BO for the GOM . . .

SIMON LITTIMER

Sir Winston was a truly remarkable man. Often, when he came into a room, he would sit, usually in a chair, although sometimes he would stand, or walk up and down. He spent many hours at his desk, reading various government papers, many of them secret and of considerable importance. At meal-times, he would often consume food and drink, some of the latter being sometimes alcoholic, although, on other occasions, it was not. At night, he was frequently tired after a hard day's work, when he would retire to bed to sleep. Usually, in the morning, he would awake, refreshed for another arduous day ahead. This was just as well for, although it is not generally known, the responsibilities of a Prime Minister are many; but I am sure I have already said enough to indicate what sort of wartime leader Sir Winston was.

ROBIN CHASE

. . . and at 10 a.m. the tonsorial artist would shampoo and sculpt Ramsay's flowing mane and handlebar whiskers into the romantic wild-moorland effect, with an occasional murmured compliment: 'Our moustache is in particularly good heart this morning, Sir!' The Coiffeur would then make way for the ancient Morayshire Elocutionist – 'The Flossiemouth Garbler' – who arrived to 'top up' MacDonald's Scottish accent and ensure that his every sentence was broken-backed; every 'r' rolled like a kettledrum, and every phrase expectorated rather than spoken: 'If they canna understaund ye, Laddie, they canna criticise!' Ramsey had a taste for duchesses and when invited to dine in their company would spend an afternoon selecting his evening wear; choosing and rejecting dress-studs, bow-ties and linen. Nothing exasperated him more than a shirt-tail which didn't cover his buttocks . . .

GERRY HAMILL

Tony Miles

Chess

No 82 **March Problems**

The March problems caused more trouble than any set to date: they produced a record number of incorrect solutions.

In problem 73 (8/4n3/4Pk2/1p4p1/6K1/8/B7/8) black has two possible wins. After 1. . . N-B4; 2. B-N1 is the only move to avoid a knight fork (If 2. K-R5, N-N2ch or 2. B-Q5, N-K6ch or 2. B-N3, N-Q5) and now either (a) 2. . . . N-K6ch; 3. K-B3, N-B5! 4. K-N4 (otherwise KxP) N-K4ch; 5. K-R5, P-KN5; 6. B-R2 (or 6. K-R4, KxP) P-N6; 7. B-Q5, N-B5! and N-K6 wins, as I gave, or (b) 2. . . . N-R3ch; 3. K-R5, P-KN5; 4. KxN (or 4. B-R2, P-N6; 5. B-Q5, N-B4 and N-K6), P-N6 5. B-K4, KxP! 6. K-N5, K-K4! and white has no good square for the bishop. eg. 7 B-B6, P-N5; 8. K-N4, P-N6; 9. K-B3, P-QN7; 10. B-K4, P-N7 wins.

Problem 74 (3R4/r7/2R1p3/k2n3r/1p5p/1P1B3K/P7/8) was taken from a game H. Olafsson v Browne from Reykjavik. White tried 1. R-Q7, R-QR1; 2. R-Q7, R-QR2; 3. B-B4, N-N3; 4. BxP but after 4. . . . K-N4 he was unable to win. The immediate 1. R(Q)-Q6 is also unsuccessful: 1. . . . N-B5ch; 2. K-N4, NxB; 3. KxR, P-R6!

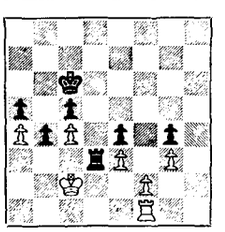
The right idea is first to remove black's counterplay with the quiet K-R2! (either immediately or after 1. R-Q7, R-QR1). Now R(Q)-Q6 is really threatened. Black has several tries (After 1. R-Q7, R-QR1; 2. K-R2): (a) N-B5; 3. R-Q8, R-QR2 and now either 4. B-B1, R-Q4; 5. R-QN8, as 1 gave (eg. 5. . . . N-Q6; 6. P-R3! PxP; 7. R-B4, N-N7; 8. R-R4ch! NxR or P-N4 mate) or the simpler (but less stylish) 4. B-B4 renewing the threat of R(Q)-Q6. (b) N-B6; 3. R-Q8, R-QR2; 4. R-QN8 (P-R3 is also possible) and now if N-N4, R(6)-N6 followed by RxNP or P-R3 forcing mate, or NxP 4. R-B2, N-B6; 5. R-B1 and R-QR1 mates, or R-Q4; 4. P-R3, N-R7 (again if N-N4, R(6)-N6) 5. R-B2! RxB; 6. RxN wins. (c) . . . N-N3; 3. R-QN7, N-B1 (R-Q4, B-B1 doesn't help) 4. R-N8 wins.

Problem 75 (5k2/8/5pBP/2qP4/3nQ3/6P1/p4P1K/8) was taken from another Reykjavik game, Larsen v Miles. The position occurred in the midst of a time scramble, and I failed to notice the possibility of 1. . . . N-K3 (instead of N-B6ch). This also gives rise to some interesting analysis. After 1. . . . N-K3; 2. QxN allows a draw by QxPch; 3. K-R3, Q-B8ch; 4. K-R4, Q-R8ch; 5. K-N4, Q-Q8ch etc. (white can never allow an exchange of queens and therefore black has a perpetual check). Instead, white has a fairly simple win with 2. K-N2. eg. P-R8=Q; 3. QxN, Q-K2; 4. Q-B8ch or N-B2; 3. P-R7, K-N2; 4. P-R8=Qch etc or N-B5ch 3. PxN, Q-B1; 4. P-B5! P-R8=Q; 5. Q-N4ch, K-N1; 6. Q-K7.

There is also a much more beautiful win with 2. PxN. This was generally dismissed because of 2. . . . P-R8=Q (QxPch loses to K-R3) but Mr H. Garfath found 3. P-K7ch! QxP; 4. P-R7! and now if QxQ 5. P-R8=Qch wins or Q-N2; 5. Q-K8mate whilst P-B4 is met by 5. Q-R8ch! QxQ 6. P-R8=Q mate!

After 1. . . . N-B6ch; 2. QxN! wins:— 2. . . . P-R8=Q; 3. P-R7, P-B4. (K-N2; 4. P-R8=Qch, KxQ; 5. Q-R5ch mates) 4. QxPch. K-K2; (K-N2; 5. P-R8=Qch, KxQ; 6. Q-R5ch, K-N2; 7. Q-R7ch, K-B3; 8. Q-B7ch, K-K4 (or K-N4; 9. P-B4ch K-N5; 10. B-R5mate) 9. Q-N7ch wins) 5. Q-B7ch, K-Q1; 6. P-Q6! forcing mate or the queening of the RP.

Short of time Larsen played 2. K-N2 after which the game is drawn:— 2. . . . N-K4; 3. P-R7! K-N2; 4. P-R8=Qch. KxQ; 5. Q-R4ch, K-N2; 6. Q-R7ch, K-B1; 7. Q-R8ch, K-K2; 8. Q-K8ch (if Q-N7ch, K-Q1; 9. QxPch) Q-K2) K-Q3; 9. Q-B8ch, KxP; 10. B-B7ch. K-Q5! 11. Q-Q8ch (11. QxQch, KxQ; 12. BxP, as played, is a dead draw) K-B6! 12. BxP, N-N5!



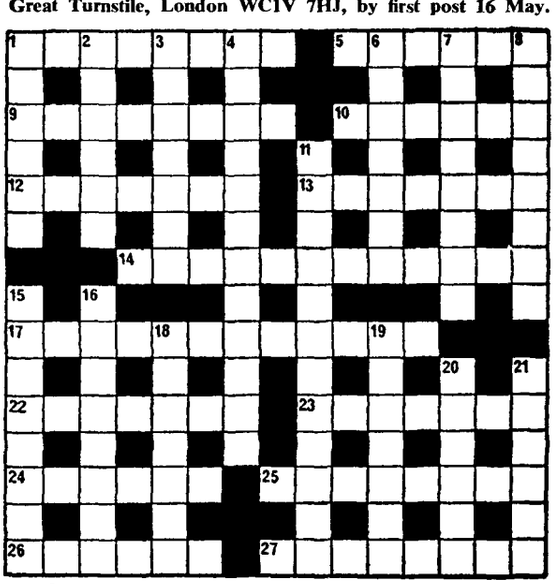
Problem 82
White to play. Can he defend? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 17 May.

Solution to Problem 80

1. P-R4, K-K3! (but not 1. . . . K-Q3; 2. K-N6, K-Q2; 3. K-N7; P-R4; 4. P-R5, P-R5; 5. P-R6, P-R6; 6. P-R7, P-R7; 7. P-R8=Q, P-R8=Q; 8. Q-B8ch, K-Q3; 9. Q-B6ch, K-K4; 10. P-B4ch and Q x Q wins) 2. K-B6 (if 2. P-R5, K-Q2! and 3. . . . K-B1 holds) P-R4 and draws.

Weekend Crossword 1261

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1261, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 16 May.



ACROSS

1. Composer of a play on butchers (8).
5. Devices for getting it right without having marks (6).
9. It takes fuel ages to flow into this part of the plane (8).
10. A bath is taken if you change these clothes (6).
12. Provide new flame to make the girl go crazy (7).
13. Opening inside door if I cease knocking (7).
14. Museum workers potentially mixed with artists (12).
17. Where the plan is drawn up by the management after failure to win (7, 5).
22. About half-time Hugh is less mobile (7).
23. 'While Autumn —— o'er the yellow plain Comes jovial on' (Thomson) (7).
24. Kind of country in which fields are left undrained (6).
25. A nice one not turning out to be a poison (8).
26. It's bloodier, whichever way you look at it (6).
27. A footnote makes a difference to books (8).

DOWN

1. The heart of this expedition is a long way off (6).
2. 'A fool lies here who tried to —— the East' (Kipling) (6).
3. Ancient city keeps a record in goods (7).
4. Footballers who never turn out for the reds? (5, 7).
6. Faithfulness exists in the kingdom (7).
7. Believer in a thousand-year reign (8).
8. Writers in the south employ a means of keeping the reader guessing (8).
11. Possibly come in south and east, these parts of the country (4, 8).
15. One who overpraises art aloud is abused (8).
16. Of sickly hue, having behaved lasciviously (8).
18. Duck is among creatures swimmers emulate (7).
19. Socialist vote gives one the bird (7).
20. It shows a likeness and would have an amused expression without one (6).
21. Way out for African who has lost her head (6).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1260

S	P	O	T	S		D	I	A	G	N	O	S	E	D
T		R		E		R		S		E		A		R
O	B	S	E	R	V	A	N	T		C	A	N	O	E
R		O		A		W		R		T		T		S
N	O	N	A	G	E		P	O	T	A	T	O	E	S
O				L		I		N		R		R		
W	A	R	R	I	N	G	T	O	N		B	I	L	L
A		E		O		N		M		B		N		I
Y	E	T	I		M	O	D	E	R	A	T	I	N	G
		I		H		R		R		R				H
P	E	C	T	O	R	A	L		H	E	R	M	I	T
O		U		S		N		A		F		A		N
U	N	L	I	T		T	E	M	P	O	R	I	S	E
N		E		E		L		I		O		Z		S
D	I	S	P	L	A	Y	E	D		T	R	E	E	S

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Recorded bkg. info. 836 5332. Shakespeare's 'Henry V' and 'Henry VI' Parts 1, 2 and 3 in repertoire. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in Strindberg's 'The Dance of Death', John Ford's 'Tis Pity She's A Whore', Paul Thompson's 'The Lorenzaccio Story' and at the Piccadilly Theatre in Peter Nichols' 'Privates on Parade'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. Prevs from 4 May. First perf. 8 May. Georgina Hale, Susan Hampshire, Richard Moore, Peter Woodthorpe in 'The Tribades' by Per Olof Enquist. Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Brand', 'The Cherry Orchard', 'Plenty', 'The Guardsman', 'Bedroom Farce', 'Don Juan comes back from the war'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Tonight 8 p.m. Sats 5 & 8.30 'The Glad Hand' by Snoo Wilson. World premiere.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (entrance from Gower Street, WC1) 1828-1978 — a sesquicentennial exhibition — 'UCL Past and Present'. 9-18 May 1978. 9.30 a.m.-5 p.m. (except Sunday). Admission free.

DRUM ARTS CENTRE have mounted an Exhibition of Afro-Caribbean Art (British Submissions) at the Warehouse Gallery, Earlham Street, Covent Garden, WC2. 27 April to 25 May, 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. Music events on Wednesday and Saturday. Phone Drum for details: 240 0362/3.

Entertainment

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). James Ivory's 'Roseland' (A). Progs at 3.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.15.

Meetings

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower Street, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 p.m. to 2 p.m. 11 May, 'The Space Frontier' by Prof. R. L. F. Boyd. 12 May, 'Dreams and Destinations: Jeremy Bentham in 1828' by Prof. J. H. Burns. 16 May, 'Après moi le déluge' by Mr A. Tattersall. Admission free. Details of Public Lectures from Publications Office (send stamped envelope).

BECOMING A Secularist, a talk by Dr Susan Budd, author of 'Varieties of Unbelief'. 8 May 1978. 8.00 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.1. Organised by the National Secular Society and the Freethought History Society.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE, Blind Lane, Bourne End, Bucks: Sun. 7 May. Swami Bhavyananda on 'The Gospel of Divine Love' at 4 p.m. All welc. Vedanta mag. 50p.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Villem Bernard of the Czech Social Democratic Party in Exile on 'Czechoslovakia Today' Wednesday 10 May, 7.30 p.m. 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. All welcome. Collection.

FRANCO-BRITISH SEMINAR: on the occasion of the bicentenary of the deaths of Voltaire and Rousseau — 'Relations and Influences'. Under the chairmanship of Professors W. Barber, J. Chouillet, and L. A. Leigh and with the participation of English and French specialists. Admission free. French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7. Tel.: 589 6211 ext. 38. Sat. 6 May, 10.15 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sun. 7 May, 10.15 a.m.-1.30 p.m.

'THE GREAT ABORTION DEBATE', a talk by Cynthia Fountain of the British Pregnancy Advisory Bureau. London Young Humanists, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London W8. Sunday, 7 May, 7.30 p.m. Admission 30p.

NINTH ANNUAL VAN DER ZYL Lecture by Rabbi Dr Jakob J. Petuchowski. Title: 'The Problem of Dogmas in Judaism Reconsidered', Thursday, 18 May, 1978, at 8.15 p.m. in the Council Room, 33 Seymour Place, London W1.

THEOSOPHY. H. P. Blavatsky Commemoration. 'White Lotus Day'. Sun. 7 May. 8 p.m. S.a.e. free pamphlet, programme, book list. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

Courses

LILLE UNIVERSITY. Intensive course in Commercial and Administrative French, Boulogne-sur-Mer. 2 sessions: 17 to 30 July, 1 to 14 August 1978. Designed to increase proficiency in written and spoken French (commercial and administrative French terminology, translation and comprehension of specialised texts, commercial correspondence, oral reports, debates, etc.). Fields covered include companies, commerce and industry, financial and monetary problems, central and local government, the EEC, etc. Details/registration: French Institute, 14 Cromwell Place, London SW7 2JR (s.a.e.) Tel. 01-589 6211 ext. 45.

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